

EXPONENT II



"Am I not a Woman and a Sister?"

Vol. 1, No. 4 March, 1975

Third Annual Woman's Exponent Day Dinner

Emma Lou Thayne To Speak

Emma Lou Warner Thayne, noted Utah writer and poet, will be this year's guest at the Third Annual Exponent Day Dinner to be held June 7 in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Thayne, who has been recognized by the Academy of American Poets, is also known for her contributions to the Church, her success in amateur tennis competition and her service to the Salt Lake City community where she and her husband, Melvin E. Thayne, reside.

Besides discussing her poetry and personal history, the mother of five daughters will tell how she has accomplished so much, the reactions of others to her achievement, and what she considers to be women's "possibilities."

Men as well as women are invited to attend the commemoration, which will begin at 7 p.m. with an elegant dinner at the Cambridge Ward Chapel (4 Longfellow Park, Cambridge). In fact, the first fifty persons who write for tickets will be given free lodging (a floor, a couch or perhaps a bed) at homes of area Church members for the night of June 7. Requests should be sent to Judy Dushku, Exponent II, Box 37, Arlington, Mass. 02174. Tickets are \$3.00 per person to cover the cost of the dinner and may be obtained locally from any member of the Exponent II staff.

This event will mark the 103rd anniversary of the founding of the *Woman's Exponent*. Not an official Church publication, it was for many years the organ of the Relief Society, containing reports of auxiliaries, advice from the brethren and coverage of women's activities around the world.

This year's observance is the third Cambridge celebration of Exponent's anniversary. The first, in 1973, featured Maureen Ursenbach of the Church Historian's office telling about Eliza R. Snow. Anita Brooks, writer-historian and author of the acclaimed *Mountain Meadows Massacre*, was last year's



guest.

Mrs. Thayne follows in the founders' expressed tradition of "honoring righteous, strong women of both past and present." Although she is quick to

point out that a list of her successes "doesn't mention all the failure on the way," Mrs. Thayne has an impressive set of credentials.

A native Utahn, she grew up with her three brothers "on horses," lakes, ski slopes and tennis courts. Her novel *Past the Gate* tells of growing up in Mt. Air, an area near Parley's Canyon where the Warner family spent most summers.

She received a BA from the University of Utah where she was named to several honorary societies including Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, Mortar Board and Beehive. In 1972 she received an MA in creative writing from the same university, where she has taught English for nearly twenty years.

Her poetry has appeared in the *Western Humanities Review*, *The Roanoke Review*, *The Ensign*, *the Era*, and other publications. She has been honored by the Utah State Institute of Fine Arts and the Utah Poetry Society, besides the Academy of American Poets. Her books include *Until Another Day for Butterflies*, a collection of poetry written while she was recovering from back surgery; *On Slim, Unaccountable Bones*, published after the death of her parents; *With Love, Mother*, a prose and poetry tribute to mothers, and *Past the Gate*, mentioned above.

Mrs. Thayne has coached the University of Utah women's tennis team and been a frequent winner in local tournaments. She is a past vice president of the University of Utah Alumni Association and was chosen "Woman of the Year" in 1973-74 by the members of the Latter-day Saint Student Association (LDSSA) at the university.

For many years she was a member of the General Board of the YWIA. She is currently writing part of the history of the University of Utah as part of a bicentennial project.

Louise Durham
Belmont, Mass.

A Very Special Woman

We were sitting in the Union Building of the University of Utah, catching up on the almost twenty years that had passed since we had last had a chance to talk. She was a very special woman to me. We had worked together in the London office of the British Mission in 1950 and 1951 and had shared many memorable experiences during that time. Missionaries who laugh together, cry together, and work together develop a special feeling for their associates in the missionfield that even twenty years or more cannot totally dissipate. I had just told her, laughing, that one thing that had happened to me since our last meeting was that some people now considered me quite an authority on the emotional problems of Mormon women. "What do you think of that?" I asked.

"I think it's great," she replied. "Somebody would be. Tell me about me."

"You know I can't do that," I said. "But I really have learned a lot from the Mormon women who have been privileged to work with since I became a psychiatrist."

"Privileged?" She looked surprised.

"What other profession permits a person to share some of the intimate thoughts and feelings of other people," I replied. "And if I know anything about what goes on inside the women of this Church, it's because I've listened to them and tried to understand."

She looked at me for a minute, searching my face as if trying to determine whether or not I was serious, then said simply, "Tell me."

There is so much to tell. LDS women, in my opinion, are amazing. They are bright, intelligent, educated, capable administrators, good organizers, creative, innovative, and hard working. They want very much to be good wives and mothers. They are responsible. Fun to be with, adventurous, attractive, and supportive. And they are good cooks! They walk a fine line by trying to give encouragement and moral support to their husbands and children without going so far that they might be considered shrews or "nags."

"You make us sound like paragons of virtue."

"I think your virtues far outweigh your vices-- although you have a few of those too."

"Thank goodness!"

"But generally, you're good women in every sense of the word. Of course, you pay a price for your goodness. One Mormon woman commented to me recently that she got so tired sometimes of being "cheerleader" for her whole family that she felt like screaming. Then she laughed and said that if she did scream, everyone would probably think she was still cheering!"

"She and I are sisters in more ways than one!" She paused, then because she had identified with that feeling asked, "Surely that isn't what makes her come to a psychiatrist, is it?"

No. But it is the beginning of the process unless she makes some changes. She usually comes when she finds she has lost her enthusiasm for almost everything. Nothing seems to interest her anymore. Everything she does is an almost overwhelming effort. She feels sometimes as if the prospect of having to cook one more meal is going to turn her into a raving maniac! (Nobody uses that expression, however, with a psychiatrist! It is much too threatening, and perhaps much too close to what is actually being felt.) She cannot concentrate on anything. She feels like crying all the time. Of course, she does not. But she feels like it. And she is putting on weight. She knows she is eating many things that she should not: cakes, pies, ice cream, candy. But she cannot seem to stop. She has to eat something, and nothing else appeals to her very much.

She is not sleeping well at night. She is tired when she goes to bed and falls asleep without too much trouble, but she awakens about 2:30 or 3:00 a.m. and finds it hard to go back to sleep. She is not certain what she thinks about in those dark, early hours of the morning. She is not certain that there is anything specific on her mind. Many ideas pop in and out of her head.

The one thing she is certain of is that something is wrong, and true to the strength she has as a Mormon woman, she decides to do something about it.

Mormon women do not run away from problems. The same determination that helped them walk across the plains, encouraging their families and friends all the way, (cheerleaders even then!), helps them find the courage to seek professional guidance. In an environment where so many people equate the need for psychotherapy with an implicit admission of some kind of sin, ("If you're living your religion, you don't need psychiatry."), that does take courage. But because of that, she comes asking for help from a position of strength, not of weakness.

Psychotherapists have given these symptoms a name: DEPRESSION. In my experience, it is the most common problem with which Mormon women must deal. Seventy to eighty per-cent of the women in the Church that I have treated in the fourteen years I have practiced psychiatry have been depressed. Very few of them could have identified what was happening to them as depression when they came to me. Most of them were relieved to learn what it was they were experiencing. Everyone has heard of depression, and something can be done about it. It is not fatal.

Actually, depression can be fatal. Many depressed people commit suicide. That is the real danger of depression. But if a depressed person does not commit suicide, he or she will get over the depression. Suicide is rarely, in my experience, a serious consideration among Mormon women. That would be a totally unacceptable course of action for her. But because she is depressed, the idea has come into her mind occasionally. It helps to know that such thoughts are common during the course of a depression, and she does not need to be ashamed of them. When she knows this, the thoughts of suicide are less frequent, and when they do make their appearance, she does not worry so much about them. Before long, they are totally forgotten. She is too busy doing the things she needs to do to get over her depression. That means she is in the process of looking at what is going on inside her, and she is recognizing that much of it has to do with her religious background and training.

(continued on page 4)

At Home With EXPONENT II

Our masthead has blossomed with maiden names this issue, in response to the suggestion of a reader curious about our backgrounds. We have also made the first attempt to delineate individual responsibility. This job is harder than one would expect because while some do more than others, everybody does everything. More difficult, most of those who handle some aspect of the business workings, also have editorial assignments.

So it is that Susan Kohler who tends the mailbox, records subscriptions and corresponds about business matters, also scours the old *Woman's Exponent* for choice bits to reprint. Carrel Sheldon who virtually types the whole newspaper each season also writes articles and houses the whole layout operation in two rooms of her old mansion. Joyce Campbell who discovers and plans the art work, also selects the poetry. Connie Cannon, the secretary and historian of the operation, commissions and writes profiles. Bonnie Horne supervises the layout after choosing the Letters to the Editor.

All of the labor is voluntary. While subscription money and donations pay for printing, mailing, computer time and actual out of pocket expenses, the payment of even modest salaries would sink our ship in a hurry. Somehow it always works out that we pay, rather than get paid, to have our work published. Carrel and Susan take on more than their fair share of the dirty work but most others help. Vicki Clarke supervises the punching of computer cards, a heroic labor since she can't even type. Stephanie Goodson addresses the endless stacks of complimentary copies. The mailing operation is the least attrac-

tive dirty job and has caused two resignations in less than two issues. The computer generated labels are quickly stuck on, but the growing piles of papers have to be sorted by zip code, tied in bundles, and hauled to post offices where unfriendly officials say cross things. We always think that next time the mailing will go better.

Layout has always been chaos, putting together the pages we could while biting our nails over the last few promised but undelivered articles, searching for fillers two inches long, suddenly growing in size by four pages at a clip when we could not fit and would not cut. But we have learned a few things. Now we work at night while small children are abed at home. This time we used large graph paper for paste-up eliminating the T-squares and rulers. A small group of practiced layers-out pasted up the whole sixteen pages in three peaceful evenings. "That which we persist in doing, becomes easier. . ."

All of the above is prelude to saying that at the end of four issues the staff of *Exponent II* is exhilarated rather than crushed by our labors and look forward to many more issues in the future. We thank our kind patrons for their moral and financial support, and we are particularly grateful to our contributors who send along ideas and manuscripts.

As a gesture of appreciation to our readers, and an effort to confuse future bibliographers, Volume I will include five issues. The first number which was given away free to thousands of people will remain free. Subscribers for whom this is the third or fourth issue should renew after receiving the June *Exponent II*.

C.L.B.

WOMAN'S EXPONENT Revisited

Work For Women

One of the most interesting and most important features of the late general Conference was the many excellent instructive suggestions, made by President Brigham Young, to the mothers and daughters in Israel. He called upon them, and especially upon the Relief Societies, to assist in the people becoming self-sustaining, and counseled them to save and teach the children to save "paper-rags;" and thus aid in supplying the paper-mill with material, so that the paper used by the Latter-day Saints might be made by themselves, thus keeping at home the means expended in procuring it abroad. He then touched upon the impropriety of large, healthy, able-bodied men, who should be engaged in farming, quarrying, stone cutting, and other suitable pursuits, being employed as type-setters, proof-readers, book-binders, clerks in stores, tailors; and in all such branches of labor, which were legitimately work for women, and should be largely performed by them. He wished the women and girls among the Saints to be educated to do all such work as belonged to women. He was desirous of seeing the school books used by children in Utah, made by the people here, and this also should be done to a great extent by the women. The female mind was naturally better fitted for such pursuits than that of the male. Generally speaking, girls would memorize spelling, grammar, arithmetic and almost anything taught in books, more readily than boys. It was a mistake to have girls taught nothing but to play the piano, and when tired of that to go to reading novels; they should be taught cleanliness, neatness of person, and the duties of a house-wife; with such branches of useful knowledge as might be desirable, as well as music and other accomplishments; while the useful and practical should always take precedence, and their education should be wisely directed in all things. The speaker urged that measures be taken to provide means by which the women and girls of Utah might obtain an understanding of and make themselves useful in type-setting, book-making and such other occupations as justly belonged to them; and that they should take in hand to furnish the schools and families of the Saints with suitable, intelligent and truthful reading matter; that the vast outside expenditure, for the purchase of books, which were no better, nor so good as many of the women of Zion

were capable of preparing, might be stopped. The officers of the Relief Societies, and, afterward, all the sisters who were interested in the welfare of Zion, were called upon to testify their willingness to sustain the proposed undertaking by raising their right hands. A fair vote was given; and unless the wives and daughters of the Elders in Israel prove themselves less faithful to the trust reposed in them than they have hitherto done--which, there is no cause to apprehend--much good will be the result of the suggested enterprise.

President Young proves himself to be the most genuine, impartial and practical "Woman's Rights man" upon the American continent, as he has ever done; his counsels, instructions and advice to women being always directed towards their progress and advancement in usefulness and the possession of valuable knowledge. And as these facts are well understood by the large majority of the women of Utah, we look for a prompt response to this direct call for united and energetic action on their part in furtherance of the great object of the community becoming entirely self-sustaining.

Woman's Exponent 15 April 1873

Three young ladies were lately murdered, two in New Hampshire and one in Maryland, under most revolting circumstances and in a horrible manner. The Maryland murderer subsequently threw himself under a passing freight-train and was crushed to death. The New Hampshire one is now in prison awaiting his trial. Such reports are almost of daily occurrence, from large cities and country places; and show that with all the progress made in art, science and education, crime keeps pace with the boasted advance of the age, if it does not lead it. Were the self-proclaimed philanthropists who are so anxious to convert the people of Utah to a belief in the necessity of vice, corruption, outrage and bloodshed, to exert their influence towards repressing crime nearer home they might be of some service to society. And if they wish us to pattern after the society in which they are shining examples, it would be well to present us with a pattern for which they would not have just cause to hide their faces in burning shame. But while unbridled passion, bloodthirstiness and brutal desires are so rampant, we beg to be permitted to work out our own social problem in peace, and see if we cannot produce a better condition of society than is to be found anywhere else.

Woman's Exponent 15 Mar 1873

The Rev. J. D. rulton regards polygamy as far more scriptural than woman suffrage; and the agitation of the latter, he alleges, causes a great decrease in the number of boy babies. This is a serious matter; for if the theory be correct, the agitation will have to be stopped by granting the right of suffrage to the women or polygamy may become compulsory in another generation or so, to prevent the race from dying out.

Woman's Exponent 15 Mar 1873



THE WISHES

Mother's Day, for me comes in November when I think back to that day when I first met Sally. The nurse put a small bundle of lumps cocooned into a rough, hospital blanket into my arms and left us to get acquainted.

I lifted back the flannel flap and looked at face about the size of and resembling an overripe tomato. Her eyes were so swollen that they could not open: two slits with three long, black eyelashes poking out from each of them. What should have been a forehead slanted back from two eyebristles to a peak from which some oiled spikes of hair stuck straight up. A minute nose was mashed from cheek to cheek, and two dark bruises ran up each side of her face, above what seemed to be malformed, purple-colored ears. Only the scrap pink mouth was as I'd imagined it might look.

"Oooh," I gasped, "Oh, honey, you're just beautiful!" Then I carefully unfolded a pink fist to find a hand all of an inch and a half long including the fingers tipped with infinitesimal miracles of fingernail. The nails undid me.

"Little darling," I wept, "You've had such a time, but it's all over now. Nothing's gonna hurt you anymore," I swore fiercely. And then I held her as tight as I dared and made a wish: that someday she would be as happy as I was now.

The baby's father came in at visiting hours. He had stopped at the nursery window to see her, and he was gray with shock when he came into my room.

"Have you seen her?" I asked with bright anticipation.

"Just now," he answered with that shattering blindness peculiar to males, "I knew most of them were ugly, but isn't she awful? What are we going to do?"

"Do!" Suddenly a rush of mother love filled me so full, I've been slopping over with it ever since. "She's beautiful. She's the prettiest baby in the whole world. And you don't deserve her. So go home!"

It took a few weeks for the tomatoish look to leave, the bruises to disappear; a few months for her to turn into the adorable child she became, but we've been good friends since the very first day I met her.

She was my confidante before she could talk, and after she knew what I was talking about, she has been a perfect repository for all of the worst type secrets I wanted to share.

I wasn't a girl popular with boys. I've always been trying to prove, long before Women's Lib, anything they could do, I could do better. And that sort of attitude never makes a prom queen. But Sally had a male entourage when she went to kindergarten. Six little boys escorted her every morning.

I am certain that there was more delight in choosing and seeing her wear her first formal (ruffles to the floor) than I could ever have found in my own. She was the little girl I would like to have been, and because she was my little girl, she shared a lot of things I thought had passed me by.

When my daughter's daughter was born, I went to take grandmotherly charge of them both.

"You know, Mother," Sally confided one day before I left, "When they brought Holly in to me, I made a wish. I wished that someday she would be as happy as I was at that moment."

Sally may not fully understand the tears in my eyes for another twenty years!

Rodello Hunter
Jackson Hole, Wyo

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Originally printed in the Jackson Hole Guide.



Don't be efficient in men's affairs, such as leadership, making major decisions, providing a living, etc.

Develop feminine dependency, and need his manly care, or at least appear to need it.

Helen B. Andelin
FASCINATING WOMANHOOD
1971

Love At Home & Crime In The Streets

As the problems in our country intensify, we receive increasingly frequent instructions from the bit to be in the service of our fellowmen and to strengthen our families. We are admonished to be brother's keepers, to stay in close touch with visiting-teaching families, and to have family evening, because finally, society can only be led by strong families.

There is no doubt in my mind that these instructions are inspired and correct. What does concern us is our narrow application of good works, and an odd focus of family which can leave us isolated from our fellowmen and the larger community.

Too often fellowmen means fellow Mormons. We consciously and unconsciously exclude those outside our group. The exclusion is the by-product of a successful organization that keeps us busily running our wards, doing the Lord's work in our own yards and leaving very little time for other commitments.

I think that community work beyond the chapel is an extension of Church work and should be entered into with the same commitment and seriousness as our stake jobs.

A great segment of the population, not ready for missionaries, would be receptive to specific services Church members could provide. And practically speaking, the problems of our neighbors and the decline of the cities very much affect the quality of life in our homes and the effectiveness of the Church in the community.

We have only recently realized that the resources of our world are limited. Our well-being is linked to that of our neighbors whether we like it or not. These are the days when we could pack up the wagons and leave if the community became oppressive. We have to stay and fight the "mobs," whether it be for increased police protection or pollution control.

A few years ago the Church resolved one problem growing urban decay in Salt Lake City by participating in a project to rebuild the area near Temple Square. This project could only succeed if the Church cooperated with Kennecott Copper and the developers of the Salt Palace, both largely non-Mormon groups. Resolution came only after months of meetings where trust was built between parties and mutual interest was served. It was clear that clean-

ing the Temple and painting Hotel Utah would not have stopped the urban decay of the neighborhood. It took a community-wide effort to deal with the problem.

Each of our communities has similar problems. The decisions made at city council or school committee meetings very much affect us. Our children spend six to eight hours a day out of the home in town institutions. Husbands and wives may spend equal amounts in their work responsibilities. It is in our own self interest to keep in touch with what is happening in the schools or town governments.

My work on the Board of a Cambridge, Massachusetts, social service agency has given me an appreciation of the contribution made to the community by thousands of volunteer workers who have many other interests and commitments. Agencies like ours could not survive if Board members did not contribute their time and expertise.

Cambridge Family and Children's Service is a private social service agency with a staff of ten social workers and three administrators providing services in adoption, foster care, home-based day care, counseling and family life education to families and individuals in Cambridge and the adjoining towns.

The Board of Directors consists of twenty-five members from the Cambridge community, representing a variety of backgrounds and professions. The Board is responsible for the allocation of funds and the implementation of the agency programs by the Executive Director and the Staff.

The agency is funded by the United Way, private foundations and government grants. Because of the present cut backs in government spending, the agency is looking to the Board for alternative funding resources.

As Chairman of the Program Committee, which monitors the agency programs, I have attended group sessions where our staff helps families deal with difficult human problems. I have seen the strength of one woman who would not give up on her son who was labeled "retarded" in the first grade because he could not read, and from that time on was placed in a class with "problem" children. With the support and direction of the group and the therapist, the mother finally got the child evaluated and

placed in a normal class. I saw another woman finally admit she had a drinking problem and needed professional help.

I have experienced a dimension of Cambridge life I would never have known about through my daily associations at Church and Harvard. I can see the difference it makes in some lives to have an agency like ours doing what we're doing.

In the last ten years, we have seen citizen groups and community organizations come into their own. Groups like Common Cause have been instrumental in congressional lobbying for changes in campaign funding laws. George Romney has led another volunteer organization. The consumer movement, which started out as a community group, has become a legitimate arm of governmental service. Tenant groups are running the housing projects, taking responsibility for maintenance as well as negotiating with landlords. All these changes are the result of concerned citizens giving time and thought to public issues.

To demonstrate our concern for the world beyond our homes and chapels, I would like to see community work considered Church work. All but the most talented and organized, who can do both, might rotate every two years with major ward or stake assignments. This kind of integration would develop information and attitudes which would encourage the Church to meet community needs where the Church is uniquely qualified. It could provide positive public relations, especially in towns where the Church population is small. How to structure such an amalgamation would depend on the size of the Church group and would need much thought.

My husband recently suggested that when Christ returned, he hoped most of us would not be aware of His presence at first because we would be working so hard, our heads down and brows sweaty, that we would not see Him. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a mandate to each one of us not only to be concerned about our friends and families but to reach out beyond the family and Church. We have a great deal to do. I hope that when the Lord comes we will be so hot and tired, so anxiously engaged, that at first we don't even notice.

Grethe Peterson
Cambridge, Mass.

HOUSEWORK: Are You Undervalued And Overworked?

I have always suspected that those time-saving, labor-saving conveniences that clutter up my kitchen would be the subject of an expose. My grandmother churned her own butter and milked the family cow twice a day. I couldn't do those things in addition to the work I now perform; there aren't enough hours in a day. Yet according to a proven manufacturer I live better than queens did a hundred years ago.

I'm reasonably intelligent. I can add, subtract, multiply and divide. I budget my time closer than money. Still I don't seem to have a lot of extra time. Therefore I can only conclude that something is wrong. Either those labor-saving devices are oversold or I'm inefficient. For obvious reasons, I won't give the first explanation, but who am I to come to such a startling conclusion? I'm no management consultant. I'm no time and motion consultant. I'm just a housewife who happens to have read Peter Drucker.

Yesterday, however, I found an ally. In the November 1974 *Scientific American*, Joann Vanek compares a 1925 federal home economics study of time spent in housework to a similar study conducted by the University of Michigan in 1965-66. A surprising conclusion is that nonemployed women, who do not have jobs outside the home, spend much time doing housework as their forebears did. Employed women spend less time doing housework, but the hours they spend on the job are added to the time they spend in housework, their total workweek is considerably longer than that put in by their grandmothers.

There is every reason to believe that women today would be spending less time in the kitchen and laundry room than ever before. A profusion of products and services have come onto the market aimed at easing the homemaker's tasks. Yet according to Vanek, women in 1924 averaged fifty two hours a week in housework. In the 1960's they were averaging fifty five hours a week. Vanek offers a logical explanation for this phenomena. Let me quote her: "Perhaps trends affecting the household have led to as much work as they have saved. If less time is required for producing food and clothing, more must be added for shopping. It is not difficult to think of a number of other time-consuming household tasks that must be done now, but were nonexistent or rare 50 years ago. Therefore the time for time spent on housework probably conceals a shift in the amount of time devoted to various household tasks."

Let me give an example: "Probably no aspect of housework has been lightened so much by technological change as laundry. In the past a great many houses lacked hot and cold running water. A large variety of soaps and detergents and automatic appliances have come on the scene, and the once burdensome requirement of ironing has been greatly reduced by wash and wear fabrics. Nonetheless, the amount of time spent doing laundry has increased. Presumably people have more clothes now than they did in the past and they wash them more often." (p. 117)

The woman who is employed full time outside the home cuts her housework down to about twenty six

hours; she still works sixty six hours a week. This reduction can be explained in several ways. Nonemployed women frequently have larger families and younger children who require more direct care than their employed counterparts. Nonemployed women may also have less household assistance than their sisters, who by virtue of their employed status may have more leverage for calling upon husbands and children for help. The real crux of the problem, however, is the economic value placed upon housework. Although cooking, cleaning, shopping and child care do have real value, our society does not regard them highly. Therefore, according to Ms. Vanek, the nonemployed woman merely keeps herself busy. She does, however, do some tasks better and more often than her employed counterpart. In the end, no matter how one slices the facts, modern life has not shortened women's work week.

Armed with these facts, a woman who desires free time to pursue her own interests, might wish to analyze her own work. First she could examine her own working habits. I compared the time it took me to wash my dishes in the sink with loading my dishwasher. I discovered that not only does my dishwasher not save me time, it uses excessive amounts of hot water and electricity. I am in no way advocating that women abandon their dishwashers. Women with newer machines, families with different eating habits and kitchens organized to fit their styles may find dishwashers great time savers. I wouldn't trade my blender for a second right arm, yet many women who own blenders hardly ever use them. It depends on how and what you cook. Even the most practical books on household hints have limited value unless the reader is willing to adjust her lifestyle to the author's. Nevertheless one's own peculiar working habits can be improved. A good place to start is with those tasks which are done at a particular time of day or week rather than when they need to be done. If efficiency is uppermost in your mind, and if you are willing to experiment a little, you can find spare time. It requires thought to put housework in its place. In the end, I refuse to give housework an over importance. It's merely maintenance.

Next a woman might consider the economic value of housework. I've heard insurance salesmen place a monetary evaluation on many of the functions a woman fills for her family, but I am dubious as to how much truth they reflect. If I died, my husband would not hire a maid, a cook, and a nanny. Even if he collected double indemnity on me, he couldn't afford that kind of domestic help for long. So instead, I outlined the question of whether I should spend my time working in or out of the home in another way.

There are certain functions I perform which are essential. If I didn't do them, someone else would have to assume the responsibility. These chores include minimal cooking, cleaning, laundry, bookkeeping and child care. If I chose to work, I would probably continue doing these minimal activities except for child care. I would have to hire someone to watch my pre-schoolers while I was working. In my case, this negative economic factor would have to be deducted from the positive factor of my estimated

wage.

Some other tasks which I regularly perform represent a saving. I can make the dollars in our budget go farther by providing my own labor. If I took out forty hours a week to work, I would have to curtail activities like cooking from scratch, canning, baking, sewing, raising a garden, managing, and shopping for bargains. I would have to deduct another negative factor.

There are occasional tasks I do which represent substantial savings, like painting, making drapes and reupholstering. These most certainly would not fit into the time left after working a full day. I would have to measure these potential savings against any potential wage.

Some costs are associated with working. My bluejeans and cotton blouse wardrobe would have to be expanded. I would need gas and lunch money in addition to what I would have to pay for nursery care. I also need to figure on paying extra taxes, social security and tithing. After subtracting all these factors from my estimated earnings, in my particular case, the real economic gain would be minimal if not non-existent.

Of course each case would figure differently. Some women who have a particularly saleable skill or fewer child care expenses or fewer homemaking skills, will find a financial advantage in working. In any case, a woman should try to establish the dollar value of her work. If you doubt that housework has a real value, consider what would happen to this nation's economy if housewives went on strike.

The main criticism that might be leveled at my analysis of housework, is that I have overlooked the more militant alternatives. Some would argue that knowing that housework represents real time and real labor, women ought to agitate for equality of the sexes. Ms. Vanek's report also notes that contrary to popular opinion, American husbands, whether their wives work or not, do little housework. The only real difference between reports in 1925 and the 1960's is that men today do more shopping.

Our society recognizes that everyone must eat and drink, so we have lunch hours and coffee breaks. If our culture also acknowledged that all people should prepare their own food, clean their own clothes, and straighten their own houses, maybe we would have housework periods in which everyone participated. Under this kind of system, a woman could enter the job market on a more equal footing.

I have heard it suggested that wives should bill their husbands for services rendered, thereby giving themselves real economic leverage. There may have been other systems proposed for recognizing a woman's labor. It seems to me, however, that before a woman can contemplate such far reaching possibilities, she must know her own case. Personally, I believe in the strength of an idea. If women stop underestimating and undervaluing their own labor, subtly and forthrightly they will begin to convey a new set of values to our society.

Jerrie M. Hurd
Boulder, Colorado

Dr. Nalder's Class

Dr. Martin Nalder, a single, LDS psychiatrist, was the featured speaker at one of the meetings of the Women's Organization of the University of Utah Alumni Association in the spring of 1974. He was asked to talk to women about women. Dr. Nalder, a member of the University faculty, had recently moved to Salt Lake City from Los Angeles where he was in private practice and on the faculty of UCLA for a dozen or more years. The response of the women to his talk was extremely enthusiastic and a number of us wanted to hear more of his ideas and experiences. He was approached to see if he would consider teaching an informal class spring quarter in the homes of the women. He consented.

Four of us each called four or five of our friends. We wanted about twenty participants but the group quickly mushroomed and we closed the doors at forty. It turned out that all of the women were LDS, in various stages of commitment and activity. We met weekly for ten sessions, usually on Wednesday afternoons. Three sessions were held on Sunday evenings, two with our husbands and one with our teen-age children and husbands.

The third meeting the group answered two questions anonymously. This meeting was the most interesting because we shared our feelings, and everyone present contributed something of herself. Dr. Nalder asked each one to write *what this group does not know about me that I want them to know*. When the papers were passed in and read aloud, with no names, it was fascinating to discover that almost without exception the answers were "I am warm, interested, caring, concerned, compassionate, etc." The women seemed to think the group didn't know they had these qualities! The other question was *what this group does not know about me that I do not want them to know*. And the answers were most touching.

"I am married to a wonderful man but I don't love him."

"I don't respect my husband."

"I feel so inadequate."

"I wish I were more attractive and interesting."

"I am seriously considering having an affair."

"I am so unhappy with my husband's employment."

"The world thinks my husband is so wonderful--if they only knew."

The first meeting with the husbands Dr. Nalder retold several stories which the wives had heard previously. Some husbands did not enjoy this because they had already heard the stories from their wives. Other husbands had not heard the stories and did enjoy them. How interesting the communication between wives and husbands--or lack of it.

The Fishbowl Session was intriguing. Teens 13 and over were invited but most of those participating were 16-18. A circle of a dozen chairs was set in the center of a large room and occupied by the teen-agers, only one per family. Parents and other children sat in chairs around the edge of the room. No one could talk unless they were in the inner circle of chairs. Those in the outside circle of chairs could only listen and if they had something to say had to take a chair in the center circle to be able to speak. Dr. Nalder started out by asking the teens what they would change

about the Church if they could and the discussion led to other problems youth encountered. Three or four parents came into the circle, participated and then returned to the outside group. One of the mothers told how difficult it was to accept and love a child who rejected all the values she has taught him. Two of the fathers in Church leadership positions have since used this method with ward young people.

Halfway through the course Dr. Nalder had to go to Europe for a week and the group did not want to miss even the one week together so an extra meeting was planned with one of the group leading the discussion. The temporary leader, who is working on an advanced degree in educational psychology, asked each one present to write in one word *where are you right now?* The answer could be mother, chauffeur, teacher, etc. Several wished they could be more WIFE but felt they were not spending enough of their time in that role. The other question was *where do you want to be?* The whole time was spent discussing these questions and very personal things were brought out. The group was critical yet supportive, reassuring and friendly. One widow of five years couldn't remove her wedding rings and begin dating again. One mother disliked and feared going anywhere alone, felt safer with her 5-year-old's hand in hers, another felt dominated by her mother, although she had grown children.

Recently several of us got together to discuss the class in retrospect. Following are some of our thoughts.

"It was most helpful for me to share with other

DESPITE MY THIRTY YEARS OF RESEARCH INTO THE FEMININE SOUL, I HAVE NOT YET BEEN ABLE TO ANSWER... THE GREAT QUESTION THAT HAS NEVER BEEN ANSWERED: WHAT DOES A WOMAN WANT? ... SIGMUND FREUD

women our concerns and frustrations as Mormon women. Dr. Nalder convinced us that change can occur if we really want it to."

"The course gave me much food for thought. It gave me a feeling of freedom in thinking about the Church. I felt I could accept my testimony where it is and also where it isn't without self-torture or self-criticism. An acceptance of myself and a discussion of these problems and ideas did not take from my testimony but strengthened my feeling of being able to fit and find a place in the Church."

"Many middle-aged women told how they had poured all their energies and strength into their children and husbands and did not regret this effort, except that they felt they received nothing back--no appreciation, recognition of their own needs, etc. and now had no place to go. Probably the strongest feeling that emerged for me was the need women feel to communicate on a meaningful level. The class provided a safe structure in which to do this and I believe the women actually wanted more of this sharing and less of Dr. Nalder's comments, although he provided subject focus."

"Not too many women knew each other as the class met for the first time. There was always an atmosphere which allowed frank questioning and expression of inner feelings. Any honest, contrary or unorthodox statement could be made and was listened to with respect. It was so impressive to see the reinforcement and support the group gave one another. The discussions about some personal problems and concerns were very open and rather piercing observations were made. Throughout the afternoon, there was a spirit of comradery and genuine concern for one another."

"Probably the more impressive classes were the ones which were opened to discussion where many participated in giving and expressing real feelings and emotions. The thought occurred to me how great it would be if such discussions could go on in our Sunday School, MIA and Relief Society. How stimulating to feel the freedom of expression in our Church."

"One of the surprising discoveries for me was the need among these women for stronger communication with other women. Dr. Nalder encouraged and achieved very open discussions, and the class provided a super vehicle for communication. Another good discovery was learning that many women I admire share some of my own frustrations. I did not share the opinion of some that the child-rearing years have been unappreciated and unrewarding. My greatest achievement in life to this point has been the raising of delightful children. But at this point in life, when my youngest child is fourteen, there are new avenues to explore!"

Sandra Allen
Evalyn Bennett
Afton Bradshaw
Beverly Johnson
June Nebeker
Marion Smith
Marva Tobler
Salt Lake City, Utah

A Very Special Woman cont.

Mormon women are not encouraged to express their feelings unless they are warm, loving, nurturing, and tender. But there is a whole spectrum of emotions which she is encouraged to ignore--feelings such as anger, resentment, hostility, irritation. It is reported, and I have never verified this, that President David O. McKay once said that the only time a woman should raise her voice in the home is if the house is on fire. Whether or not President McKay is being quoted correctly, the idea is still one with which many Mormon women must deal. They must remain in control of their aggressive feelings at all times, and they must only express love and warm, tender feelings in their homes, to their loved ones, and to their family and friends.

But the fact is that they do feel angry sometimes. They are irritated sometimes. Like everyone else, they want to raise their voices and just get mad--sometimes. But now it is a religious issue. If they give in to these hostile, aggressive feelings, they must look at themselves as no longer living their religion. Whereas the average non-Mormon woman can blow off steam and not be overwhelmed with guilt, the average Mormon woman cannot. So she tries to hold these "negative" feelings inside, and the effort it takes out of her, contributes to her depression. She is in a no-win situation. If she expresses her anger, she feels guilty and becomes depressed because she is an unworthy wife for her husband, an unworthy mother for her children, and an unworthy representative of gospel living. If she does not express her anger, the effort it takes out of her to control these feelings makes her depressed, and her depression makes her again an unworthy wife, mother, and member of the Church.

This already difficult situation is often compounded by another situation which is very Mormon. A Mormon woman is indoctrinated with the idea that the most wonderful thing that can happen to her is to marry a man who honors his priesthood and is active in the Church. Prestige comes to her through the advancement of her husband in the priesthood hierarchy and in his Church service. But Church service requires that the husband and father spend a lot of time outside his home. She often feels that she is being left alone to cope with family problems far too much, and besides, she would like to have her husband around once in a while when he did not have something else on his mind--usually his Church responsibilities and what he has to do before his next meeting. She would like some time and attention.

But she has no right to want that. What kind of a woman is she anyway? How can she possibly resent the fact that her husband is spending his time serving the Lord? With thoughts like that, she has no right to be married to such a fine man. She is not living up to the vows she made in the temple. She does not deserve the blessings she has received. How can a woman with such thoughts rear fine children with testimonies of the gospel who will go on missions, honor the priesthood, serve the Lord, and be fine examples of Mormon manhood and womanhood?

Such thoughts compound her already strong feelings of being unworthy. She is ashamed of herself. Above all, she does not want anyone to know--especially other Mormon women who have never had thoughts like hers. She is guilt-ridden, unhappy, and remembers that if she were living her religion, she would never be having emotional problems. Yet what is she doing wrong? How is she sinning? She is feeling things she should not feel, and they lead to thoughts she should not have. But she does not seem able to control what she feels. Does that mean she is having a "nervous breakdown?" Is she out of control? There is nothing more terrifying to a good LDS woman than the thought that she might have lost control of herself.

That is when she comes for help: frightened, unhappy, guilt-ridden, ashamed, unworthy, but with an inherent belief still that she can do something about it to change it for the better. That is why I say she is amazing and why I see her coming in strength for help, not in weakness.

"What do you do?" my sister-missionary asked. "Are you asking for psychiatric trade secrets?" I was being flippant. The conversation had become much too serious.

"I'd like to know." She was still very serious.

"Well, I usually put her on anti-depressant medications, make her exercise regularly to work off some of the energy that hostile, aggressive feelings generate, and we talk a lot about emotions and how they affect our lives."

Emotions are not logical and reasonable. That is the first thing she needs to understand. Our whole Mormon training emphasizes reason and logic, and so when she is confronted with feelings that cannot be handled with reason and logic, a Mormon woman is confused.

"Is that only true for Mormon women?"

"No. It's true for all of us--men and women, Mormon and non-Mormon."

"Well, that's something," she said. "At least we're not different in that regard. How do you handle them? Your feelings, I mean."

There is not a simple answer to that question. That takes time and must be individualized. But the process involves accepting her feelings as a part of her--a valuable part, that is telling her about her experience with life. Then she must find a way to express those feelings that is acceptable to her. I do not advocate that any woman become a screaming shrew in her home, and if I did, she would not. That is not acceptable to her. But anger, resentment, and hostility generate energy which can be used for constructive, meaningful purposes. I think there was a lot of angry energy used up in that trip across the plains our ancestors made. But I also do not advocate sublimating all that energy. The expression of a little anger never hurt anyone, and it often does a lot of good. It permits others to express their anger towards us and clears the air. If we do it appropriately, and do not let it build up inside us, we never erupt like a volcano, and the intensity never gets so great that it is destructive.

My missionary friend was quiet for a moment, but she was smiling. Then she confessed. "I can't identify with those feelings you're talking about," she said. "I've had them all. And I've thought about those thoughts. I didn't know others had. And I certainly didn't know there were any Mormon men around who knew about them!"

"Recently in a class of women, when we discussed some of these things, one woman said, 'I've lived in Salt Lake City all my life, and this is the first time I have known that other women thought and felt the same way I do.' I thought that was sad," I said.

"But it's true," she said. "So now that you've told me and told your class, tell others. It helps to know."

She stood to leave. We shook hands--missionaries always do--and we smiled. Hers was not quite the same smile that I remembered from the mission field. It was more mature now and more wise. She had obviously grown and developed as a person during the years since we had last talked together. I expected that. She always had been, and still was, a fine Mormon woman.

Martin C. Nalder, M.D.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mormon Medical Women in Finland

How can a woman be Mommy, Dr. and Sister? Many of us have wondered, and some of us have found the way.

Mimmu M. A. Hartiala Sloan has been in touch with three Finnish Mormon women doctors who have coordinated their lives to encompass all these roles. Mimmu, who now lives in Harvard, Massachusetts, with her husband and three young children, was responsible for an LDS Institute class on 19th century Mormon women some time ago. In preparation for her presentation on "Mormon Women in Medicine," she gathered thoughts from Finnish friends in the medical profession. The doctors' comments were so interesting that she translated them from Finnish for publication.

She sent out a questionnaire asking for detailed information about the motivations in selecting, the problems in practicing, and the conflicts in coordinating a career in medicine with the life of a Mormon woman and received three particularly interesting individual profiles.

All three of these very bright women chose the medical profession at an early age. Dr. Anna-aarina (Tuppurainen) Roto, from Kokkola, says she thought of a career must begin early for little Finnish girls. Even before I went to school at age seven, I wanted to become a nurse; they could give shots to people as often as they wanted. "I haven't come far from that dream. At an early age it was no problem to imagine myself simultaneously being a mother and a working woman. In the following years the picture became even more complex as I imagined myself (1) a doctor or scientist, (2) a writer, and (3) the wife of a story prince and the mother of twelve to fifteen intelligent children. That's the way to live!!

When my last years in high school were in sight, my dreams became more serious. I wanted to get married and have children. Spiritually that is the greatest and most important role. But there were few Finnish men of my age in the Church. I considered America, but I didn't want to go. I wanted a career which would be interesting, spiritually satisfying, and where I could influence people and enhance the position of the "LDS tribe" in Finland. One nice possibility was the medical profession. But the hard test period prior to acceptance at medical school was a big obstacle. So I put my profession to a spiritual trial leaving my test results to the Lord.

Dr. Roto was ranked number one in admittance to medical school. While in school, she began dating a fellow student whose career plans closely paralleled hers. Her future mother-in-law was a professional working mother in the modern Finnish vein, and she could not even begin to understand that any intelligent woman would want to be a "home mother." When I tried to hint gently of my interest in that direction, she let it be understood that even the thought of it was nonsense, that I was lazy and trying to get out of studying. At that point I realized that it was almost right to work hard and succeed in my profession in order to sustain myself and my children in case something happened. I also received my second spiritual assurance that my career plan was right, for it was discussed in my patriarchal blessing.

She married the medical student and in their first year together their two careers caused no difficulties. She still can't believe that a man alone needs a home wife. Two adults alone should have democracy at home and at work. Each should serve the other equally.

Dr. Anna-Liisa Rinne, a pediatrician from Jyväskylä, Finland, did not choose her career for idealistic reasons. When I first seriously considered a career, I planned to go to agriculture school to be trained as a dairymaid because my boyfriend owned a farm. But my father felt that his children should become either druggists or doctors because they earned more money. He preferred pharmacy, but my two brothers and I all went into medicine. I graduated first in my high school class at 19. I saw in the study of medicine a new way of showing my superiority; but those illusions were pruned off rather quickly at the university, and in the very early stages of study, I became sincerely interested in the field of medicine. I saw it as a test of wits, some kind of detective puzzle and as an opportunity to show my skill.

The third doctor, Dr. Marja-Leena Kinnunen from Rovaniemi approached the same choice from a slightly different angle. Getting a profession for myself has always seemed necessary to me. Education was important to my family and I was given the opportunity to study without financial worries. Since I wasn't the slowest student, I got by without much trouble in high school, and was eager to continue my education. My classmates remember that in my first year of high school I was sure that I wanted to be a doctor. I have tried to remember how I came to that decision, but I feel it has always been clear to me. I remember seeing a movie The Doctor's Conscience and identifying with the doctor in it. I think I was 13."

Mimmu describes Lessu, as she is called, as a super-capable girl. She sings and plays the piano, flute, and guitar. She speaks fluent Finnish, Swedish, Spanish, German, and English, and has held many positions of leadership in the Church. Lessu has been a doctor with the UN in Arabic countries. From these comments, it seems that the Finnish expect that women will achieve in the world. Despite personal conflicts, these women have lived up to those expectations, but their achievements have not been attained easily.

Dr. Kinnunen expresses her feelings about her career by saying I do not feel that this work more than any other is a special calling to serve the Lord, but I am especially thankful for choosing this career for myself. I can get close to people, I can help people, I can become a friend.

One has to push, working day and night, but it is the perfect career for a robust, single woman who is independent and free to come and go, and who doesn't have family troubles or children or a husband to keep her up at night.

Self-development is constant in this field. One is bound to learn by listening to people relate the grief and events of their lives; and, oh! how I have learned to love those people who in the midst of misery and sorrow are still living and willing to push forward with faith in life.

I would like to know a lot more about my own profession; it is like a bottomless well. That is why it is good to specialize and feel that somewhere you know something. I also would like to know about many other things, to read many books, and to become a wise woman. That would be a real satisfaction in and of itself.

Dr. Rinne feels that if I could choose again, I would not choose medicine. A doctor lives a thousand lives, and they are all painful. A doctor has unequal relationships with people; she must appear strong, trustworthy, and secure. A doctor is always dealing with unpleasant things. For a woman who has children, this profession is difficult because she must neglect her family so much. And finally a doctor knows so very little. We can never give an answer to "why?". One can never have full command of one's profession because every patient is so unique and surprising. If I had chosen to carve wooden shoes for an occupation, by now I would have mastered that skill and would be able to make perfect wooden shoes. But I chose stupidly, and it is my unrewarding role to realize daily how little I know and how little the whole of mankind knows.

Regardless of the fact that I think my chosen career was unwise, I am thankful for what it has required of me. As a pediatrician, the fact that I am a woman and a mother has helped me to understand other mothers and their children. However, I have been the head of a large hospital for some years. This job took me away from working with people and my work as a research scientist in the area of the rehabilitation of mentally retarded and defective children. I don't feel that I have measured up to the usual standard for great professional achievements because I have had to spread myself too thin to cover all my responsibilities.

Dr. Roto, the mother of three children and the wife of the Kokkola Branch President, faced many personal and economic conflicts as she contemplated re-entering the medical profession after the birth of her second child. I am still standing in the same crossroad, slightly distressed because I am still facing the same unsolved problem. I wonder if it will be resolved before retirement. Friday I wrote an application, Sunday I said I would stay home, today, Monday, I told my husband that I hoped he had remembered to mail that application.

Economically my guilt is washed clean. I must work.

Spiritually, if I stay home that seems to be right (even though my background is full of spiritual experiences pointing in the opposite direction). On the other hand, I can't think that the medical profession is a more spiritual calling than any other work. It is a service job; though I admit it carries more responsibilities and requires a higher level of knowledge.

If I stay home, I will regret it when my youngest child is 14. And what if I should become a widow when the children are still dependent on me.

If I stay home I will be miserable knowing I am missing professional experiences and development.

And, if I am truly honest, I know the ambitions in me will mourn for the lost glories. My female medical colleagues despise and scorn women who cannot be both doctors and mothers. In fact, I do know many women doctors who have from four to eight children. On the other hand, I know one who quit, and I know what the others think of how she measures up as a human being and a doctor.

So the social pressure is great. And as you know, it is hard to find "home mothers" in the Church here. It is not by matter of choice that they work; it is an economic must!

Anyway I would like to stay home, and I believe that the children would like it too. I will be happy when I retire. It is hard for a woman to divide herself.

Some of these feelings have been shared by Dr. Rinne. She was left alone with four children ranging from 4 to 11 years, and although she felt she had not spent her time in medical school wisely, trying to be a mother, the wife of a medical student, and a student herself, she was grateful that the experience was behind her and that she, as a doctor, was able to support her children. I tried then to give more time to my children by being home as much as possible, and we tried to have exciting, interesting, and stimulating summer vacations. It was a relief when the youngest child went to school and wasn't always waiting for a mother who didn't come. I think my relationships with the children were good. They used to sit on my bed and talk for hours in the evening. But too often my work demanded my time, and I had to break some promises to my children. I couldn't work fullheartedly either since I was always in a hurry to go home.

She and her family joined the Church when the youngest child was eight years old, thus adding a new dimension to her life, about which she says, I owe my thanks to the Church for the insight that in serving the people, I am indeed serving the Lord. I am so thankful to the gospel for the realization that people do need love, sympathy and protection... and that they need someone who can be trusted and who cares for them with more than drugs, surgery, and other treatments.

Dr. Kinnunen has not yet faced some of the problems that the other doctors are resolving, but she seems to be prepared to meet those questions. She concludes, I have dated men of all kinds without falling into the "peaceful harbour" of marriage. I consider all the neighborhood children my own; my "attic club" of thirty boys and girls, ages three to fourteen, meets once a week, and we have all kinds of fun. That's quite a lot of family, enough for me anyhow.

If I get married, I don't think it will change my professional life too much. I want to work, even though maybe not as hard as I do now. But I do see it as my duty to practice medicine because there are too few doctors in the world, and the schooling was long and expensive for me and my country.

I would like to care for my own children, but I don't believe that it would be necessary for me to do the washing and cleaning. My wishes are for a big family, a good housekeeper, and a job which doesn't have too many "on duty" times.

I love this work, regardless of the fact that sometimes I get tired of listening to people's complaints and worries, but even that is "fun." I would like to do research, and of course, my Church work and hobbies will easily fill all possible free time.

Each of these women has shown constancy and courage in coordinating the many roles open to a Mormon woman.

We are grateful to Mimmu Sloan for obtaining these profiles and for the excellent translations.

Susan L. Paxman
Cambridge, England



Jane Breinholt Seizes Bicentennial Opportunity



Gail Reifsnnyder and Jane Breinholt

Jane Breinholt lives in Devon, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia, where anticipation of the nation's 200th birthday is at a peak. She has seized upon this rare opportunity to perform a service which is both unique and creative. Along with another local Chester County woman, Anne Cook, Jane originated the idea of *Project 1776, A Bicentennial Program in Early American Culture for Elementary School Pupils*. The project is designed to involve children and their teachers in the Bicentennial celebration by giving them a glimpse of life as it was in the days of the Revolution.

Jane conceived the idea in 1971 when her children's elementary school celebrated its 100th birthday. Jane was on the planning committee for the celebration, and plans rapidly mushroomed into very elaborate classroom involvement in colonial life.

At the end of the six week celebration, nobody wanted to quit. They soon conceived the possibility of expanding their exciting ideas through funding from the Bicentennial committee.

The project went into action last Spring. Phase One involved an inservice training program for teachers including craft and library workshops as well as lectures. The teachers in Chester County became familiar with the era, studying early colonial activities and crafts that are still part of our lives. In Phase Two skilled and knowledgeable people brought museum objects into the schools and demonstrated their use, directly involving students with the crafts and skills. The children had the opportunity to dip candles and spin wool. Phase Three saw the culmination of the project with the restoration of Hopper House, an 18th century farm, in Frazer, Pennsylvania, where school classes spent a day participating in a variety of daily colonial chores and activities necessary to survival. With this method as with no other, children truly caught the vision of living in the past.

Jane and her group hired twelve people to research colonial toys, skits, games, recipes for early American food, herb recipes and over fifty authentic crafts. Jane and Anne edited the material and prepared a manual for elementary pupils in grades three to six. They added an adaptation for children of the Broadway musical hit *1776*. The manuals are currently selling all over the country.

It is not surprising that the Project was awarded the Freedom Foundation's Medal of Honor because of the cooperative effort between museums, schools, and county and state legislatures, in addition to the Award of Merit from the Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies, and a Letter of Commendation from the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration.

The project has inspired similar activities in other parts of the country. One effort currently underway in Arizona is under the direction of Julie Curtis, Jane's sister, and a group of women in Utah including Susan Anderson, Ann Larsen and Sally Berger, is seeking funding to bring this kind of learning experience to schools there.

Born in San Marino, California, Jane Thody Breinholt graduated from the University of Utah in elementary education and has lived in Boston,

Provo, Palo Alto, and near Philadelphia, where her husband Bob teaches at Wharton. She has five active children ranging from eleven years to ten months. Jane has served as Primary President and is now teaching the inservice lessons for the Primary and working on a stake committee to include the Bicentennial celebration in Stake Primary activities. She is also involved in other projects such as Girl Scouts, and PTA. Each day, however, includes work on *Project 1776*--telephoning, writing and thinking at home, or traveling to school districts around the state presenting workshops to teachers and attending to related business. We applaud her initiative in conceiving, launching, and carrying out such a worthwhile undertaking.

C.D.C.



Barbara Harris and Kathy Ewing

Alberta Baker

"I'm an incurable optimist. I'm always getting into scrapes, and coming out of them well. I think I have an angel on my shoulder who's always looking after me," remarked Alberta Baker of Somerville, Massachusetts.

Alberta probably is an optimist because she's too busy, at eighty years old, to take time out for misfortunes. She may be making a bride's wardrobe, braiding a rug, practicing the piano, reading or writing a new "jingle."

Alberta started her sewing career by making a pot holder for a silver teapot, then she worked on doll clothes. "I'm still making Barbie doll clothes, plus some clothes I like, and some I hate," she said. She has a thriving business as a dressmaker and can put a dress together in a couple of hours. A long time ago she apprenticed with a milliner, but when her training was completed, hats were being manufactured.

Alberta knows all the bargain places to buy fabric, buttons and trims in Boston. She braids rugs constantly and has no compunction about asking someone to donate her new coat when it's worn.

When she moved into a new apartment a year ago, she quickly made a large rug for her floor. Then she moved in the piano she had been unable to fit in for thirty years.

"It took me a while to get used to the piano again because my fingers weren't keeping up with my eyes," she remarked. She has been away from music for some time but took music lessons when she was young and was a member of a "pie-eater's band" that played at picnics. She loves opera.

Two years ago she began wondering what a girl would do with all the gifts enumerated in the song, "The Twelve Days of Christmas," so she wrote a monolog in the form of a letter to a friend explaining how she had disposed of all the gifts, to zoos, entertainment spots, butchers, and so on in the Boston area. She recites the piece for special Christmas programs. An original "jingle" usually accompanies her gifts. Some years ago she gave one family a braided rug and she takes it back to add a new width each time the family adds a new member.

Alberta taught herself to read in six weeks when she was four years old and reads voraciously--"es-

pecially adventure and happy ending books." She recalls her punishment was not being able to read anything except school books when her grades slipped. She taught speed reading for a couple of years.

She learned about the Mormons during a bus trip in Salt Lake City. "The people were so lovely when I returned home, I wanted to know more. I attended Relief Society and that was my undoing. I knew I wanted to join the Church."

Alberta had a strong Biblical background gained from her parents who taught Sunday School. She taught Sunday School in the Congregational Church and has taught many religious classes since becoming a Mormon.

Alberta was a secretary until she retired at age of sixty-seven. She began her secretarial vice to the Church by working in the Mission Relief Society presidency with the wives of five New England Mission Presidents. She was a mission Relief Society counselor for one year and president for one year. Presently she teaches the social relations class in the Cambridge I Ward Relief Society.

S.S.G.

MAMIE GRAY: SELECTWOMAN

Sister Mamie Gray of Stoughton, Massachusetts, is one Latter Day Saint woman who is an expert at "filling time," not "killing time." In spite of a long list of achievements as a homemaker, gardener, 4-H leader, professional teacher, Church worker, and selectwoman, she is characterized by humility and concern for others.

Mamie Gray is a Southerner by birth, and the mother of six children, five boys and a girl. New England became her home twenty years ago when she and her husband James came to do graduate work at Harvard University.

Putting aside her own brief career as an educator for the good of her expanding family, Sister Gray was a full-time wife and mother until her children were all in junior high school. One family project undertaken during this time was the clearing of two acres of their land for farming. Now, with only one child still at home, these two acres produce more than enough food to keep the family through the winter. Mamie cans and freezes an incredible

amount of produce. Last year she did seventy five containers of lima beans alone in addition to corn, tomatoes, beans, asparagus, turnips, okra, and black-eyed peas.

Several years ago, feeling that her children were sufficiently mature and self-reliant for her to go to work, Mamie accepted a position as a teacher of junior high school mathematics in Brockton. Unlike many teachers on this level, Sister Gray really enjoys young teenagers, and she is proud of them.

Her latest achievements have been in the political arena. Last spring, after several unsuccessful bids, she was elected to the Board of Selectmen for a three year term. This office means a great sacrifice of time and energy, but she willingly serves because she believes she is obeying the Lord's will by being active in government and community affairs. Strong in purpose and uncompromising in what she believes to be right, she soon established herself as a woman to whom attention must be given. Her position on zoning and possible illegal appointments

did not make her popular in some circles, but she has shown herself to be a person of courage. In support of her husband James, head bacteriologist for the Massachusetts Department of Health, has been an important factor in her political involvement.

Sister Gray's dedication to her callings is evident whether she is working as assistant librarian for Foxboro ward or teaching an inservice lesson for Sunday School teachers. A convert of twenty years, she has used her artistic talent and creativity for roadshow scenery and decorative bread flowers as well as the design of three floats for the 4-H parade on the fourth of July.

As we all should know, successes in education, community affairs, and political office are meaningless unless they are accompanied by success at home. If the achievements of children are reflective of the success of parents, then Mamie and Jim Gray have succeeded.

Carol Ann Manning
Franklin, Mass.

COMING ABOVE GROUND

I forgot I had it on until the boy behind the cream counter asked me what it meant as he held me my ice cream. He was referring to an "Yes" button I had pinned to my jacket. I was used to tell him I was the magazine representative for my ward and leave it at that, all the while thinking "ONLY in Utah."

I really can't be too critical though: When I got back to the States after my mission and the "MIA--where are they?" bumper stickers, thought the Church must be having attendance problems at Mutual.

As a former missionary I couldn't pass-up my boy's request for enlightenment, so I gave him Mutual Rights Amendment First Discussion, gesturing dramatically with my chocolate almond ice cream. I have to admit he was less than enthusiastic. Questions like his are relatively easy, safe to hear, but they eventually lead to the question: "Are not one of 'them' are you?" (assume the tone and tone of Joseph McCarthy for total effect). In fact, it's amazing how little time it takes people to ask the question, especially in prison to how much more time it takes to think of an answer.

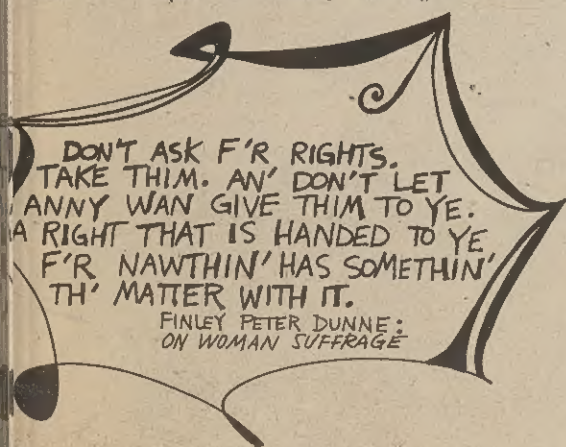
First I'd respond with, "Of course not, but of what they have to say is interesting. You think so?" quickly changing the subject to something safe, like "the spirit of the Y" or gardens on temple square. Then as my library began saying things like, "They seem to have identified the problems accurately but they find the proper solutions," ending with a

superior, "but that's true of most worldly institutions and movements." Then it became "Their assessment of the situation may seem a little extreme to us because we don't have the same problems in the Church, but...."

Well, I don't know how long I let myself believe that "we," as opposed to "them," didn't have problems. But the inevitable "click" had to come--I took the giant step: "they" weren't "them" any longer; "they" became indistinguishable from "me" and "I." It became impossible to intellectualize them away. The question became a little more difficult to answer after that. When someone would ask, I'd say, "Don't you think it's as natural for me to be interested in the feminist movement as it is for the Blacks to be interested in the civil rights movement?" After I explained what "Black" meant, they usually didn't think either one of us was "natural," but how could they dispute the logic of such a Socratic answer?

It's been a year and a half now, and the answer has become much simpler. Now I just laugh and say, "Yes!" Simpler and happier and prouder: "Yes, I'm a woman." For the first time, no desire or compulsion to apologize or equivocate. In fact, now it's hard not to indulge in a Pentecostal "Hallelujah Yes, Yes, Yes!" And sometimes I think I hear all my grandmothers' chuckled "Amen's"...not to mention the relieved sighs of future daughters.

Kathleen Flake
Provo, Utah



Golden Years

It's a very ancient custom to look to one's elders as a source of inspiration. Blanche Kimball, my grandmother, makes it easy to see how a custom came about. After a long life of advice to others, she is still going strong at age 93. Preparing dinners for widows, babysitting grandchildren, and looking after aged neighbors are just a few of the ways she works off her energy. She still cranks out the handwork projects (quilting, sewing, and crocheting), as if they were done by machine. For Christmas this year, she crocheted several hanger covers for each of her grandchildren. Then on Christmas Day she actually sat 54 down to dinner in her home! However, she did retire from sewing many hours for the church welfare program this year.

Still involved in such groups as Daughters of Pioneer, she frequently opens her home to meetings and gatherings of various kinds. Living across the street from the ward, she has been convenient for many favors as well as much hospitality. One involved will forget the time the MIA borrowed her living room furniture as scenery for the play or the time the Church furnace broke down before a funeral which ended up in her living room.

After the third of seven children was born back in the early 1900's she and my grandfather, Charles Richmond, were called into the Church offices. With no warning, he was asked to leave his young family, three sons, and an excellent job for a two-year mission to Australia. They both agreed that he should accept this call, so young Blanche gave up her home and moved back in with her parents to help expenses. Several decades later they both went to Australia as Mission President and wife. Such sacrifice for the Gospel typifies many of our ancestors and is largely responsible for the stability of the Church today.

Grandpa, who is also still living at age 93, and Grandma Richmond have 55 great grandchildren, and can remember the name and details of each one! Grandma's 73rd wedding anniversary last September came and went with no celebration as usual. Grandma and Grandpa are afraid of "seeming to others if they announce such a collection of years. It's true that no one would ever guess. Their devotion to each other is great. Grandpa no longer drive, but he still meets Grandma at beauty salon after her weekly appointment as he waits for many years. Now he walks her home to keep her company.

When people walk along 8th East in Salt Lake City today they are likely to find Grandpa out walking or raking his own yard and those of the neighbors. Grandma is usually inside fixing up quilts for the needy or making afghans for dear friends.

It is refreshing to find an elderly couple so productive. They are still able to carry out the theme of their lives--constant service to their fellowman.

Mareen Duncan
Salt Lake City, Utah



STICK TO IT!

One Alone

Most women will someday be widows. The time when the weaker sex frequently died in childbirth has passed. Today the majority of women outlive their husbands.

Making the transition into widowhood is never easy. The loss of a marital partner whether due to death or divorce is always traumatic. The woman, however, who allows herself to develop as a competent, independent individual is much better prepared to handle her life alone. In any marriage there is a certain amount of division of labor. Certainly this allows for more efficiency, but it is a mistake for a wife to leave the baffling areas of family finances, balanced check books, insurance policies, wills, loans, and debts to her husband. Surely we should use our common sense and become familiar with financial matters. Our husbands are here to explain now. They may not be here later.

Many husbands groan at the prospect of explaining their complicated financial matters to their wives. Whether it is because our housewifely minds are slow at grasping these complexities, or because our men simply don't wish to contemplate their own demise, it is a sad fact that few wives have adequate understanding of these important facets of family life. Perhaps a series of written instructions would be the most sensible. Lynn Cain in her book *Widow* suggests that husbands prepare written instructions and place several copies in strategic places such as with the family lawyer or the safe deposit box, thereby ensuring that whoever survives will be able to handle these family matters properly.

A young widow with four children once commented to me how sorry she was that she had let her husband make all the plans and decisions for the family. She was totally unprepared to handle the family alone. The ensuing problems which developed were clear evidence that she was right. This is the practical side of widowhood. Then there is the

psychological side.

I am currently serving as Young Special Interest Representative in my ward. This position entails coordinating and planning activities for the Church members from twenty-five to thirty-five who find themselves single by choice, divorce, death, or bad timing. I have nick-named the group the LDS Desperates.

Many of these fine people are preoccupied by the idea that they are over the hill and still not married. Panic is written all over them. They need the chance to meet each other on a relaxed, casual, basis. Unfortunately the program is still geared to pairing off and dates. These partnered activities make even the most confident of us uneasy and add to the desperate feeling of the others.

In order to find a comfortable niche and get away from the pressure of society, many singles settle for someone they would not have considered in previous years. Too many promising LDS young women are willing to compromise on the "List of Qualifications" for husbands they set down when they were idealistic eighteen year olds. Then there was no question that they required a faithful member with the priesthood, a good husband and father, someone emotionally, socially and intellectually compatible. As the years go by and this paragon does not appear, the desperates are tempted to "settle" for a man, any man!! Though many of these compromises work out well, the settled-for-man may have some undesirable characteristics. Some are insignificant, others major.

The White Sock Syndrome. While you don't marry a man for his wardrobe alone, sometimes his clothes can be an embarrassment. A prospective mate should not be dismissed because he can't spend much on his clothes, but surely one pair of dark socks, preferably knee high, should be possible. Here's a chance to improve someone else's prospects by a little sisterly advice to the white-socked.

Well, He Is A Little Short! Celestial glory is not determined by feet and inches, and elevator shoes may help a little. But to be 6'2" to his 4'11" is the road to eternal embarrassment. There must be someone else!!

Oh, He'll Join the Church... Eventually. No excuse on this earth will ever salvage, smooth, or compensate for a relationship that is spiritually void. How painful to be a superwoman in Church, to be queen of the local Relief Society, to sit on a General Board as a noted authority, and then come home to a "settled-for man" who prefers nights out with the boys and bets on the Sunday Superbowls, glad to have you away at Church all day.

The immature age of eighteen may prove to be the wisest time of all. That list of qualifications, if prayerfully and honestly made, may save a girl from an otherwise disastrous decision.

My advice is STICK TO IT! Don't compromise on one point, item, quality, or requirement for your prospective mate. No matter HOW long you may have to wait. If the requirements that you have set for yourself are true to you, then surely, in faith, the proper ending will come to pass. Your joy will be full, and you will lead a life of happiness, with a suitable companion, because you were faithful to your goals.

Linda E. Flannery
Salt Lake City, Utah

A marriage needs to have mutual dependence between the partners, but on the other hand, a strong marriage can't help but be more effective if both partners are independent and capable individuals.

At any rate, when a woman is faced with being single again, it is a very difficult transition from relative passivity to active decision making. She will need to rebuild her self confidence to enable her to act independently and effectively. Many women who marry early, go straight from their parent's home to their husband's and never have the opportunity to "test their metal" as single individuals. Most of these will have a chance some time in their lives. It will be a frightening and disturbing challenge. Is it not wise to prepare ourselves now for this most likely eventuality?

Kitty Lambert
Lincoln, Mass.

Exponent II will publish the experiences and practical advice of women who have coped with this crisis. Send them in.

Ed.

Book Reviews

Delivery Of A Heritage

Claire Noall, *Guardians of the Hearth* (Horizon Publishers, Bountiful, Utah: 1974), 185 pages.

The midwives and women doctors who star in Claire Noall's history *Guardians of the Hearth* are intelligent, hardworking, strong-willed women of vision. Their dream: to successfully deliver the babies of their sisters in the gospel, to ease the suffering of their neighbors during the fevers and epidemics that frequently sweep across the Great Basin to replace the backward medical practices of 19th Century Utah with vaccination, inoculation, sanitation.

The story Mrs. Noall tells includes characters ranging all the way from the humble community midwife to the woman doctor trained at a reputable eastern medical college. Short introductions and sketches of individual women establish the Mormon midwife as more than just a deliverer of babies. We see her, sometimes, as the only person in town and for miles around with any experience at all in medicine. We see her as doctor, herb gardener, and folk physician. We see her collecting her meager fee of \$3.00 and/or a bag of potatoes for delivery of baby, care of mother, and ten days of housework. We see her being set apart by the Elders of Israel to serve as a midwife, a calling which included the responsibility of summoning a priesthood holder to administer to patients after the midwife did all she could.

As the dawn of scientific advancement began to break in the East, the need for increased medical training was felt acutely in Utah. Mrs. Noall correctly interprets the important role played by Brigham Young and other Church leaders in the alleviation of this need. She writes:

Medical leadership moved from almost complete reliance upon the laying on of hands by Mormon elders for the healing of the sick to the calling upon trained medical doctors for professional advice. The transition was born of necessity rather than of choice. The encouragement and advice of Mormon leadership accelerated the transition. (p. 117)

President Young formally called not only men but women to study for medical degrees. *Guardians* includes an accurate account of the difficulties and discrimination that had to be overcome by these female healers in setting up their practices. The book goes beyond this to the personal lives of the women in a successful attempt to establish them as not just archetypes of the 19th Century educated woman, but as individuals. All but one of the six women doctors Mrs. Noall describes had gotten married before going to medical school. Three of the six women were divorced, and two more lived with unhappy marriages. Mrs. Noall maintains that these developments were caused by the great differences in education between the women and their husbands, and frequent separations due to education, mission calls, and travels to avoid arrest for living in polygamy.

The book's pleasant style sometimes includes unprofessional devices such as fictional conversation and romanticized portrayals of events. The real defect of the book, however, is the conspicuous absence of the spiritual side of Mormon medicine, an aspect that only now is beginning to be

recognized and explored in books such as Carol Lynn Pearson's *Daughters of Light*. Although Mrs. Noall acknowledges the existence of spiritual gifts, she includes very few of the fantastic healing stories--sometimes true, sometimes exaggerated--that the women included in their diaries.

Mrs. Noall allows the women in *Guardians of the Hearth* to tell their own stories. This is the real power of the book, the presentation of true stories of real women. Mrs. Noall is also adept at using colorful, appropriate examples and details. Rather than stating that early Mormon midwives used traditional remedies, Mrs. Noall includes Patty Session's recipe for eye water: "Wrap two eggs in a wet cloth and roast them till quite hard, then grate or grind them fine, then add one pint of warm rain or snow water and keep it warm for three hours, after stirring or shaking it...strain it through a fine thick flannel and bottle it up for use." (p. 36)

Mrs. Noall has a talent for presenting moments of crisis and decision. For example, at the beginning of her second year of medical school, Ellis Shipp discovers that she is pregnant; when Romania

Pratt comes home to Utah in the summer to earn money for tuition, she is asked to take a nonpaying Church job that will require full-time attention; Martha Cannon is offered the chance to run for the state senate, with a public health platform, against her own husband.

Claire Noall who died in 1971 has long gone unrecognized for her noteworthy contribution to Mormon literature. Her biography of Willard Richards, *Intimate Disciple*, was for many years one of the few good biographies of Mormon leaders. Her book *Guardians of the Hearth* is a timely discussion of the vigorous, ambitious Mormon woman who is currently being rediscovered with great interest. This book is especially relevant now because of the return of women to the field of medicine and the training of midwives. These resurrected stories involve more than just the birth of babies. Claire Noall, a sort of midwife in her own right, has delivered a Mormon heritage, alive and vibrant.

Chris Rigby
New York City, N.Y.



Bellevue Hospital c. 1890
New York City

Poetry

Plea from the Pedestal

My dear,
Must you treat me as a goddess?
I do not like the height.
Face to face is comfortable and right
For making love,
For meeting halfway,
For sharing prayer
Or breakfast,
Or a clear-the-air-with-rain-and-thunder fight.

Consider me your queen?
Please -
I'd rather just be woman, ME:
Free to laugh
And free to question,
Free to disagree.
Give me a level eye and a listening ear any day
Over majesty.

Can't we simply be two halves of us,
Each one a whole part of the pair,
Holding soft hands
And hard conversations
That split the midnight air?
Forgive me if I reject your throne just now
For a good straight chair.

Let me be a person first;
Together we can grow
From there.

Orma Whitaker
North Hollywood, Calif.

A Fascinating Study in Highs and Lows

Half a million people come there
Every year to see the view.
In fact, the pictures
On the postcards she had bought
Were taken from this very spot.

Her husband opened the door
And took her hand.
Rocks and sand
Found their way through
The straps of her little shoe,
And the wind blew
A curl out of place.
Her finger touched her face
And felt a frown.
"Oh, dear," she said
"It looks such a long way down."

"There are railings," he said,
"And it's just a short walk.
Everyone says the view is just great."
She took his arm, then flattered.
"I know," she smiled up at him.
"You go. I'll just sit here and wait."

He started to speak,
But with a girlish giggle
She kissed him on the cheek
And said, "Now don't be mad
At your little wife. I've always had
This awful fear of falling.
Oh, how can I expect you to understand--
You're so brave and strong.
I'll just sit here.
You won't be long."

He turned her around.
"No. That wouldn't be any fun."
And he followed her back to the car,
For they were one.

They sat there a moment
While thirty-three people passed by
Of the half a million that come there
Every year to see the sights.

"And shall we try for heaven, my love?"
"Oh, dear, you know I've always been--
so afraid of heights!"

Carol Lynn Pearson
Provo, Utah



ANWRITER: R. R. Knudson

Three years ago, at the age of thirty nine, Rozanne Knudson quit her college teaching job and launched a full-time writing career. In three years, she has published four novels for young readers (with a fifth scheduled for publication next fall). She has made a grand total of \$12,000. Undaunted, she says that a children's writer usually takes about five years to get established and start making a living. I am going to try to get through the next ten years without going back to the classroom, though with inflation this may be impossible. In an interview for Exponent II, Zan Knudson talks about being a writer.

EXPONENT: How did you sell your first book?

Zan: When I did *Sports Poems*, I sent the manuscript to about four publishers. It came back swift-

Then I remembered I had a friend who had had several books published at Dell. I called him and asked him to tell his editor that my manuscript would pass her desk. She liked it. She bought it. Much publishing is done this way, by friendships and luck. It is hard to get a first reading at a publisher if you are a complete unknown. Once I was at Dell, the rest was easy, because *Zanballer*, my second book, was well reviewed.

EXPONENT: Why do you write under a pen name, R. Knudson?

Zan: Dell felt that sports books would sell better if they appeared to be by a man. I agreed at that time. I wouldn't today.

EXPONENT: Where do you get your ideas for stories?

Zan: I have more ideas than I can develop in a lifetime. I write out of my experiences growing up. *Zanballer* is very autobiographical. Right now there is a market for sports books about girls. I have always been an athlete.

Fox Running (to be published next fall) is a good example of how I develop a story idea. About three years ago, I found myself at the hideous weight of 180 (I am 5'4"). I decided I needed more exercise, and began running every day, until I was running ten miles a day last winter. Along with losing forty pounds, I got fanatical about running. I went to track meets, subscribed to track magazines. I found the same time I saw the Jim Thorpe story on TV for the tenth time--I'm always moved by it. So when it came time to start a new novel, I decided to write about an Indian girl who runs a sub-four-minute-mile in the Olympics. That was my original intent--the book came out another way: A Mescalero Apache girl, whose relation with her grandfather is all important, trains with a track team at the V and eventually influences all of these kids to run for different reasons, different causes. My ideas usually start in games, events, points scored, and then take on wider meanings.

EXPONENT: Has college education influenced your writing?

Zan: Yes, to the extent that for course after course I wrote term papers, and every sentence one writes teaches what to do with the next sentence. Also, at Stanford, where I earned a Ph.D. in 1967, I had very good minds reading and commenting on my work. And I had fiction courses from Wallace Stegner, who taught me a lot about fictional techniques, how a writer handles material--also, he was inspiring.

Some days I wish I had taken fiction-writing classes. Most of our better writers today are pro-

ducts of such courses, and many writers teach them. But some days I'm glad I had no formal training for the novel. I have found my own way--I am finding a way every day. The best training is to read widely. I average a novel a day. I pay attention to how others write. I used to read only for the story line, but now I watch everything. In a way this ruins some of the fresh fun, but life isn't only fun, and I figure I can learn from my betters.

EXPONENT: Why did you choose BYU for your undergraduate education?

Zan: I didn't. I grew up in Washington D.C., and wanted to go to Smith or Vassar, but my family was opposed to that idea. I didn't like the V for a lot of reasons, but in retrospect, I'm glad I went. I made up for all the education I didn't get by going to other, better schools, but those schools would not have kept me in the Church.

EXPONENT: Has being a Mormon influenced your writing?

Zan: Sorting out Church influences on my writing is difficult. Sometimes I think I began writing for children and teen-agers because I am too prudish, thanks to the Church, to deal with so-called adult subjects.

Other Church influences include my willingness to work hard--writing is hard work. I think my background sees me through a lot of the difficult times at the typewriter. And prayer--I believe in the power of prayer. At times when I get stuck or discouraged, I kneel down and pray. I cannot always say that I receive immediate help, but I'm never stuck long. And sometimes I can feel the help at once. When I report this to agnostic friends, they say it's my muse. I prefer to believe in God. I do think faith helps me as a writer--including faith in myself, which the Church encourages.

EXPONENT: What about your attitudes toward yourself as a woman--has being a Mormon influenced those?

Zan: Not in most respects. I've never wanted to get married. I don't like children. I don't like to be around them, and I don't want their demands on my time and attention. At the same time, I realize the blessings of wifehood and motherhood, but when I am around some of my friends who are married, I feel they have good minds that are wasting. The demands of motherhood and ironing shirts have kept them semi-vegetables.

With regard to the Church, I am able to hold two opposite thoughts in my head and still act. I believe in the doctrine, the Joseph Smith story, and in the commandments. But I also believe in myself and what I'm doing. I believe that if I lived more under the Church's sway my life would be happier and better in certain ways. But happier and better doesn't produce art, my experience shows me. I want to do more than drudge.

I think the idea of Exponent II is good, but it is based on a contradiction of terms, and can come to nothing except a lot of noise about how free it is to be a Harvard professor's wife and write instead of tat. Maybe a break has to be made with the Church in order to think for oneself. This is what art is about: finding new things to say, new ways to say them. And too often the Church strangles thought, especially by women.

One bishop with whom I had a long talk about women in the Church asked me to speak in Church several times. Once I did it. I opened the meeting. When he asked me again, I said I wanted to be the last speaker, the featured speaker. He said no. So did I.

EXPONENT: If you aren't yet making a living with your writing, how do you survive?

Zan: I taught for many years and saved my money. That's from my home background; waste not, want not. Three years ago I decided to take a chance on making a living writing. I had \$20,000 in the bank, a paid-for house, a car, a Ph.D. to fall back on. All these I had earned by getting a good education and using it. So far I have made about \$12,000 from writing--as you can see, not enough to live on without my savings.

EXPONENT: Why do you choose to live in New York?

Zan: It is easier for a writer to be near her agent and editor. Originally I bought my house on Long Island Sound because it is close to where I was teaching. Actually, I spend very little time there, only the summer. Winters I spend in California, Arizona, or Florida in a rented apartment near a library and a gym. Spring and fall I spend in a beach house I own with my mother in Delaware.

I like to travel, and many of my travels are to find a new bird: I am a birdwatcher, constantly working on my life list. For example, in April and May I will walk the southern end of the Appalachian Trail in search of Bachman's warbler--also for exercise.

EXPONENT: It sounds like a foot-loose existence. What about friends--are they important to you?

Zan: My friends are scattered around the country, and I have a very limited social life. I don't like big groups--I do some lecturing and guest-appearing on radio and at libraries and conventions, and there I see enough mobs to get my fill. Frankly, I've never much liked people. I have very high standards for them and like to pal around with the famous. I've always preferred to hang out with people I can learn from--older people mostly. I tell people I'm a Mormon--a rarity in the circles I run in. I'm sometimes asked if I'm a member of the King family--I point out that my hair is too short, also not bouffant.

EXPONENT: You make yourself sound a little difficult to get along with.

Zan: At my worse, I am arrogant, willful, pushy, smug, hyper-energetic, sarcastic, and rude. Ask anyone who knows me. But at my best I am generous, hard-working, funny, and willing to pay the price of whatever I want to excel in.

Kay Gaisford
Short Hills, N.J.

Bibliography of Rozanne Knudson

Sports Poems - Dell 1971
Zanballer - Delacorte 1972, Dell 1974
Jesus Song - Delacorte 1973, Dell 1974
You Are The Rain - Delacorte 1974, Dell 1975
Fox Running - to be published by Harper & Row 1974
Zanbanger - first draft now with agent plus an English text, articles, stories

Humble Teats

Teats that now are pimples,
Growing over skin
On the childish bosom
Innocent of sin.
Teats now little boils,
Nature's growing tents,
Make the maiden wonder
What itches her contents.
Still they keep on growing
Until they're little knolls:
Then stirs the maiden's vision--
They're trembling shaking bowls,
And now they meet "the Man"
Whose hands they seem to fit.
The maiden, still confused:
"Is this my knowledge trip?"
Alas, the awakening comes:
With milk they're swollen tight
And tugging at the nipples;
Is a fretful little mite.
Other small ones come--
Who pull and gnaw and bite
Until those shapely mounds
Become a sorry sight.
Breasts once round and plump
Are now no longer full
But more like empty bags.
Life takes its toll.

Blanche Berry

Don't Be Fooled

Don't let old Satan fool you.
He ain't always 'neath the ground.
Sometimes he's 'round your fireside
Lyin' right there with your hound.
Don't let old Satan fool you.
Sometimes he's in the grass
All curled up like a serpent
To strike you when you pass.
Don't let old Satan fool you
'Bout flyin' in the air;
He'll tell you that you're Heaven-bound,
But it's Hell when you get there.

Blanche Berry

BLACK

Black is not always evil.
For instance, the deep, dark curtains of night
falling around us quietly,
enveiling us for slumber....

Blanche Berry

Sam's Wife

The ocean's wide, and I can't step it;
I love Sam and I can't help it.
But there ain't no mule
Had a harder life
Than I
Tryin' to be Sam's wife.

These young engaged gals,
Tryin' to show me somethin'--
The rickety wagon ain't had 'em,
They ain't felt the bumpin'
When your foot's so flat
From Palmer housing 'roun'
'Til an ant don't venture
Between it and the groun'.
You can 'fess to yourself
They ain't no man livin'
Worth the price you done give.
But you just keep on givin'.

Blanche Berry

Blanche Berry, a recently deceased black sister, was an actress who lived in Washington, D.C.

Letters

Dear Editor,

My husband was floored to discover timely LDS-related articles inside the folds of your paper--the cover was hardly the run-of-the-mill illustration that often gives away a Mormon publication's identity. I was impressed at the in-depth views given by some of the sisters on subjects that I find myself grappling with--especially that of knowing that although marriage and motherhood are the highest callings we can have, they are far from being our only callings. I would love to hear from other college graduates, as to how they keep active in their fields and incorporate their education for the betterment of community and family. I don't want to be a professional in my field, but I don't want to let five years of college go to waste either.

Linda Stolle
Oildale, California

Dear Fantastic Sisters!

I came across the reference to *Exponent II* in a recent *Dialogue* letter which you wrote, and I received a sample copy in the mail a month or so ago. You gals are wonderful! Keep up the fine work.

My wife has, she tells me, subscribed already on her own, and the one I am asking for here in my own name is for myself, so that she and I will not again have to argue over who gets to read it first!

Your fine little publication is doing a real missionary service to my dear wife.

I am sure that you have not intended *Exponent II* as the beginning of a "counter-Relief Society" (and I am not advocating any such thing), but the prospect of some such alternative to Relief Society materials is exciting to all in our family!

May the Lord bless your endeavor (I'll bet He even reads it!).

Armand L. Mauss
Pullman, Washington

Dear Sisters,

I have just read my complimentary copy of the December 1974 *Exponent II*, and am reminded of what I consider to have been much unnecessary frustration. I am just this moment 30 years old. I have been married. By profession, I am a translator, a successful, educated, undiscriminated-against businesswoman who has risen to a salary and career position supposedly coveted by legions of my less "fortunate" sisters. But my experience has motivated me to reject much of this and to reject the longing and striving toward it which is represented by "women's lib." I think that most of the unfulfilled yearning I encounter in your pages and among vocal women generally is motivated by two unfortunate and unjustifiable factors: greed and conditioning. I will give an example of each.

Greed: Ladies, for what is all this power and money required? What are we proving? I have bought the lovely suburban split-foyer and the thousand-dollar rosewood credenza and the latest model car and have been forced to admit that I really didn't need any of that. What I needed was a table, a chair, and a bed. That's what I needed. The rest was proving something, something un-Christian and unnecessary--and certainly unhealthy. Women have the intellect and the capacity to create what is exquisite and tasteful and charming, practically out of thin air. They should do that, and be blessed.

Conditioning: We are taught to be in tune with our surroundings, to avoid being shamed by what we imagine in others' eyes. I believe this is a most valuable tool for the destruction of character in our society. We must have the courage to live with the dignity and distinction which is our birthright. We must not lose ourselves in the mass conditioning that is so pervasive as to be mostly invisible to us. If you will cut yourself off for one week from such sources of the standard opinion as television, radio, magazines, etc., you will discover that you have missed nothing and gained much: you will notice the irritant that continual bombardment from outside really is, because within the week you will begin to think for yourself. The media are a crippling addiction. Women, so naturally desirous of approbation, should look to the scriptures and the sages for that, and be blessed.

Brigham Young said, "Then let every person say: 'I will live my religion, though every other person goes to hell! I will walk humbly before my God and deal honestly with my fellow beings.'" For what do we need more? Of course, I don't mean this silly kowtow-to-the-Priesthood attitude everyone delights to play with. I don't mean shut-up and get a nose-ring. I mean stand up and be a woman. If we live the Gospel we have a full-time job and a promise that our needs, temporal and otherwise, will be met.

Carol Joy Miller
Laurel, Maryland



Dear Editor:

Your handsome *Exponent II* arrived, and was a super sort of Christmas card. Thank you for it and the look into your world. Who has done the wonderful job on illustrations and lay out? It is fascinating reading for a non-Mormon to pick up. And as baffled as I remain by your (or any other) Church, I am convinced that there are some quite special people within it. *Exponent II* reinforces this.

Susan Hinerfield
Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors,

My *Exponent II* arrived today and I am delighted with the way my article turned out. The photograph and the picture reproduced beautifully. It is a delight to read a magazine so meticulously proof read and edited that you are not affronted by mistakes in every line.

The articles are varied and interesting. Having enjoyed *The Rummage Sale* I was enchanted with Louise Durham's back handed review of Marshall's book. Would you call it subtly obtuse, or obtusely subtle?

I notice a few dissidents among your correspondents. That is good. If all you heard were paeans you might become smug. On the other hand don't let a few dissenters panic you into becoming more militant. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." The voice of reason may have two points of view. Do I sound like a senior citizen advising the younger generation? Well of course I am, advising I mean.

Hattie B. Maughan
Logan, Utah

Dear Editors:

Finally I, like Mary Frederickson, no longer feel alone. I feel that your paper has given me an alternative to abandoning a Mormon heritage which I love, but which seems to be in discordance to the beliefs of the lay majority.

I too am outspoken and feel that feminism and Mormonism are to a great extent compatible. In terms of fulfilling human potential, their methods differ radically while the basic goals are the same. After studying both ardently (as a life-time participating Mormon and a three year participating feminist) the only true disagreement I see is on the bearing of children, and sexual freedom. The feminists are wrong, but why condemn people whose eyes are not yet opened by the gospel?

I eagerly await further, hopefully more outspoken, issues of *Exponent II*.

Heather Sather
Huntington, Utah

Dear Friends,

I'm glad you're there! What can be more refreshing than a breath of the old days when Eliza and her crew flew at any problem with the zest and unconcern for the status quo of the wind. (Bad syntax, but maybe the great concern for the syntax of things, as Cummings says, is what precludes the real embracing of the world.)

Please continue in your looks at the many sides of what it all can mean and be. It's comforting to recognize blithe spirits in whatever camp they may choose to occupy, and best of all it's just fine to know that the choice is still possible.

Thank you for ruffling my day with your many breezes.

Emma Lou W. Thayne
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sisters:

Congratulations on No. 3--both for surviving to produce it and for doing an excellent job.

Want you to know that I talk about both the *Exponent* and *Exponent II* in a new course I'm teaching this quarter on women and the mass media. My only problem is classifying you--religious publication? alternative press? women's movement?

But then, perhaps your miscellaneous character is the secret of the paper's appeal.

Sherilyn C. Bennion
Arcata, California

Dear Editors:

My neighbor has just been good enough to loan me her first issues of *Exponent II*. I was delighted, as she knew I would be, to see the results of your efforts. I became interested in your "group" at the famous publication of the "pink" *Dialogue* issue, and am happy to see the latest experiment in contacting Mormon women.

As a convert, perhaps I am more aware of the great diversity among Mormon women. Many will appreciate your efforts to show the variety of interests and talents. And many will find kindred souls in your pages. Would it be possible to print complete addresses so kindred spirits could write to one another?

Best wishes on your enterprise!

Carolyn H. Cragun
North Logan, Utah

Dear Freedom Fighters,

I'd remove my bra to hail you, but the resultant crowds of fawning male devotees and the mountains of fan mail would be too much for me to handle.

Diane Saint-Thomas
APO New York

Mesdames:

The idea of a periodical by, for and about Mormon women thrills me. I am sorry that your first issues did not meet my expectations. We are made of sterner stuff. We are brighter, more perceptive, more aware, better educated, and spiritually tougher than you seem to think. (Even out here in the Nevada hinterland.) Let's not worry about *Dialogue* being sexist--let's work to put ourselves on the literary map, so to speak, with articles worthy of the kind of women we are or hope to be. Our forbears, particularly those who first published *Woman's Exponent*, have given us a lot to live up to. I hope Robert Rees of *Dialogue's* board of editors will never again find it so easy to make *Exponent II* and Mormon women look foolish. His letter was, by the way, one of the best in your second issue!

The poetry was delightful. And even a few recipes are not objectionable. But please--more meaty articles, more food for thought.

Good luck. Yours is a noble effort.

Julie C. Moore
Reno, Nevada

Dear *Exponent II*:

How good it is to know you're out there--other LDS women who believe in faith, repentance, and the gift of the Holy Ghost by one in authority, but who also have some questions, frustrations and confusions about independence and equality for women and how that fits into the divine role of Motherhood.

I am the mother of six children, ages 11, 9, 9, 8, 1, and 1 (yes, two sets of twins). I will receive my Bachelors Degree and teaching credential in June and am in the field of Communication Disorders (speech, language and hearing pathology). My husband has a Ph.D. in Speech Pathology and is presently the Second Counselor in the Bishopric. I'm really enjoying going to school. I find it very flexible (whereas most jobs are not), and very easily integrated into my life as a mother and housewife. The past year I've carried six to nine units and have had my baby twins at a sitter for less than nine hours per week. Prior to their birth, I carried ten to twelve units per quarter. I'm feeling extremely pleased with myself that I will at last be a college graduate. I decided to go to college four years ago after some time of feeling bored and restless. I didn't want to work since I also wanted to raise my own children, and school has turned out to be just ideal for me and my circumstances. I plan to begin graduate school in the Fall for a Master's Degree. Since returning to school, there have been a lot of bonuses like new respect from my husband, children and friends, and a much greater willingness from my family, husband and kids, to take on more of the daily chores necessary for living. So at least I'm no longer the servant of all but the head household administrator which is much more healthy for all of us. It's amazing how much more willing children are (I didn't say willing but more willing) about chores when they're not just for their training or to be done while Mom reads the latest novel, but rather to be done because their work is really needed.

I was pleased by Robert Rees' letter to Laurel Ulrich in the letters to the Editor section of the latest *Dialogue* and by Cynthia Crowell's remarks about *Woman's Exponent*. They are what really broke through the inertia that has prevented me from responding for so long. I tend to agree with both in that I would like more boldness from *Exponent II* and yet I understand the lack of boldness in that it also describes my own dilemma. But let's press forward and grow in boldness together.

Muiriel Ruttinger McGrath
Seattle, Washington

Fiction

The Sisters

Sister Walters had knocked again and the two ladies had waited and were just turning away when they heard the inside door opening. Turning back they could see a young woman in the gray dimness through the screen, one hand still holding the door while the other closing the throat of a bright yellow kimono.

"Yes?"

"Sister Jeffrey? We're your visiting teachers."

"Oh. Yes, I think I remember from Relief Society--Sister McGuire and Sister--Walters?"

"Walters. There wasn't a car here, and when I didn't answer at first we thought you weren't."

"My car's getting fixed and I was in the bathroom. I'm sorry."

"Nothing, the two ladies supposed, noticing, now that the young woman inside stood closer to the door, a dampness about her hair and a sort of glow on her cheeks and upper lip.

"That's just fine. We're so glad we caught you home," Sister McGuire smiled.

"May we visit you a few minutes?" asked Sister Walters.

"Of course. Please come in." Changing the hand she held her kimono, the woman unlatched the screen door, and the sisters stepped inside, wondering if she had taken time to put on anything new, a bit reproachful at the thought that she might not have, and concerned. It wasn't exactly bright.

The living room felt a little strange, with an old-looking rug and hangings, and it was dimly lit, pulled-down shades that glowed the color of old pears. But tidy, not slovenly, unless you looked at the scads of unframed pictures--studies, sketches McGuire supposed they would be called--hung all over the walls. She spent a lot of time on arts and crafts, Sister McGuire guessed--enough in her situation, only the one child to care for. Without meals and dishes three times a day, and endless loads of wash, and a man's bumbling and needs, time would hang heavy.

Watching on a hanging lamp with a big cracked glass ball for a shade, Sister Jeffrey motioned the two ladies to sit on a low, backless and armless divan, a sort of daybed, but hard, while she sat on an even lower round cushioned thing, her feet together at an angle to one side, folds of the kimono gathered over her knees and one hand holding it at the neck. Her back straight, her head tilted, she leaned toward the two ladies with kind, kindly eyes.

For a moment neither spoke to the young woman sitting almost at their feet.

Then, "You're new in the ward," Sister Walters said. "I mean--"

"Well, we've seen you at church," Sister McGuire interrupted, "but this is the first we've come to see."

"I'm not really new. You've both moved in since I left."

"Ten years ago I went away to school. After the ward was divided, and my parents moved into the fifth. And lots of other families come and gone, so not many people remember me. The ward used to be just our neighborhood. When I've changed too. I used to skin my knees walking on the sidewalk right out front. My mother led me find this little house when Howard--my husband--and I were divorced."

The Relief Society President had prepared them with this information. "Dear, that must have been awful," Sister Walters said. It was an awful thing: her husband had sinned next to murder and did not repent, though it meant losing his eternal blessings. Simply an abomination.

It was. The young woman still spoke in a kind, gentle voice. "I couldn't believe it was coming to me--to us. All my life I'd dreamed, it was all coming true with the Temple. Then years later, a nightmare."

"Just terrible for you," said Sister McGuire.

"Young." And to think a man's passion could blind him lose sight of eternal values. Oh, it pained, all the time, but Sister McGuire couldn't comprehend it. She and Othel had been to the Temple and that was that: a man just stuck to his promises.

"Some of the trial is still going on," Sister Jeffrey was saying. "Mother pays my rent, but I have to find a part-time job; I have to. But when all people why, they find reasons not to hire me. Her voice rose a little, strained a little. It is where I was born and baptized and grew up. I got my MIA awards, and it's as if I'd brought a virus."

"Oh, but it can't go on that bad. There's good people here," Sister Walters soothed.

"I hope so. I have another interview this afternoon. I'm sure it will turn out well." Sister McGuire tried to sound confident, not just wishful.

"The hardest thing is, it has made me feel--change, somehow--foreign to the church. And I don't know why."

"Oh but you shouldn't," Sister Walters reassured. "All have problems, we sin by omission or commission."

"I didn't sin."

The gently definite young voice seemed almost to glow, but the light, clear eyes neither flashed nor red.

"We didn't mean--I mean--" Sister Walters stammered.

"Of course you've had to try to forgive a big thing," she was saying. "You've had more experience with that than we ever will." That was heartfelt but even to her own ears it sounded somehow cruel.

"Oh, it must have been such a trial." Sister McGuire felt a real pang at the thought. To be deserted, stripped of the blessings of Temple marriage and left to raise a child without the priesthood in the home. If Othel had ever... she would have forgiven him just so quick, as if he'd never existed.

"I forgave Howard. I loved him that much. Before the divorce I told him so and begged him to come back." The voice had lost its gentleness, sounded stretched like a membrane about to tear. "I would have taken him back, any way at all," she sobbed. "But he wouldn't. And I needed him."

Sister McGuire felt drawn to comfort the young woman, to gather the poor weeping head against her shoulder. But they hardly knew her, she might think it forward. Thank the Lord she had never needed Othel like that. Could younger people never keep their appetites and passions within bounds?

With a startled rush of feeling, to which she felt her words hopelessly inadequate, Sister Walters said, "A woman needs the strength of the priesthood." "I needed him most. I forgive him and I still love him--Howard." Sobbing the name, the young woman covered her eyes and her wet and reddened cheeks with her hands, and her dark hair fell forward around her face like a tent.

Neither of the ladies knew what to say. They sat while Sister Jeffrey held her face in her hands for a long moment in utter stillness. The neck of the yellow kimono had fallen open, and Sister Walters saw that she did have on more, and silently rebuked herself for her bad thought at the door. Sister McGuire noticed three small charcoal studies, all of the same striking young man's face, and realized with a shock that they must be of the husband--Howard--and done from memory; and they looked forgiven, loved not hated. For a second she had an awful thought: this young woman's passion for a damned man was her cross, and forgiving him was one more nail. Then on a stand near the door she saw that what she had taken for an abstract composition of dark flowing lines represented something--probably unfinished, but it looked like a single bare foot, flexed, walking, and behind it a hand reaching, trying to hold something that flowed back from the lifted heel. She thought she knew what it meant, how hard for this wronged wife to let go.

The child's thin voice called from out back: "Mom-mom--come see-ee!"

A door slamming loud somewhere in the back saved her from needing to go on. Then a child, a girl about four, ran in, bright, noisy, hands and knees smudged, and stood bumping her bare middle against her mother's legs.

"Mom-mom, come out and see the rug I made for my dirt house. Come out and see." Her hair was light brown, almost golden, much different from her mother's.

The young woman stroked her child's shoulder to turn her a little. "Cindy, these ladies are helping Heavenly Father."

The child became quiet and looked at them.

"Like the missionaries, and angels."

"Yes, honey." All three women laughed lightly.

"Now go back out, and Mommy will come soon." She gave a guiding pat to the child's bottom.

"She's sweet," smiled Sister McGuire when the little girl had left. And apparently untroubled, not like you'd expect a child of a broken home to be.

Sister Walters was remembering her duty. "All the Relief Society messages this year have to do with charity," she began.

The motto, thought Sister McGuire, 'Charity Never Faileth': but people did, and then how could charity stand?

"--and this month it's on the importance of forgiveness."

As if on cue, Sister McGuire chimed in, "The Doctrine and Covenants tells us, 'I, the Lord will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men,'" and immediately rued her glib tone.

"One thing I think," Sister McGuire took up the slack, "is, it's almost harder to forgive the countless little everyday irritations than it is to forgive something big and obvious."

"It's always the little things that count," Sister McGuire added, then wondered if she could forgive herself for that triteness. They should have realized how awkward it might be to try to talk about this message. Sister Walters seemed to sense it too.

Sister Jeffrey raised her head and wiped her eyes with her fingers, then wiped her fingers on the folds of silk over her knees and looked at the ladies, her eyes clear again. "Forgive me, I shouldn't get so maudlin." Then, as if unable to resist, she laughed brightly, "'Forgive me': we can't get off that topic, can we?"

Sister Walters was standing, so Sister McGuire stood too, saying as she did, "If there's anything we can do-- Well, let us try to be your friends."

"We won't keep you any longer," Sister Walters said. On their way over they had talked of having prayer with this sister they hadn't really met, but neither of them quite felt like it now, though Sister McGuire wished she did, and wished she had the courage to suggest it even if she didn't. And was she even supposed to forgive herself for failing like this?

"Yes," Sister Jeffrey was saying, "I have to finish getting ready, and there's Cindy's dirt house rug." She smiled warmly as she showed them to the door.

Passing the odd picture, Sister McGuire decided it was definitely unfinished. Yet it already had a title scribbled at the bottom--"Who Touched Me?"--that didn't fit with what she thought, didn't fit at all.

"Goodbye. It has been nice meeting you."

"I hope we find you home again."

"Please try."

It was some seconds after Sister Walters had let the screen fall shut, with a disturbingly loud slam, that they heard the inside door close.

Bruce W. Jorgensen
Ithaca, N.Y.



Mormon Woman Elected To Town Council

Kay Brockbank Webber, a registered Republican, was selected as a candidate by the Democratic Committee. On November 5 she was elected to the New Castle (New York) Town Board.

Prior to her election she was a member of the League of Women Voters, serving on the League Board and as an observer at the planning board meetings. She has also served as co-chairman of an independent library study group working on the proposed new Chappaqua library and on the School Board nominating committee. She has been a cub scout den mother, a brownie leader, a PTA class mother, and (according to the local newspaper, the *Patent Trader*) a "regional director of the Mormon Church."

Kay is a graduate of Brigham Young University and holds a teaching certificate. She and her husband Bob have five children, ages five to sixteen. They have lived in the New Castle area for fifteen years.

Kay's family supports her in her political efforts by taking over some of the household duties. During the campaign period each person prepared the evening meal one night a week. The children also helped manage her campaign.

Kay's successful campaign and subsequent election is a tribute to all of the Webbers, and especially to Kay. New Castle's Supervisor Richard Burns describes her: She is "articulate, bright, has wide exposure to the town and is familiar with it. She's very very competent."

S.L.P.

The religious superstitions of women perpetuate their bondage more than all other adverse influences.

...ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

GRANDMA'S EARLY JOY TAKES SORROWFUL FLIGHT

When our first grandchild was born, I was ecstatic. I had a bright badge which proclaimed "I am a Grandmother," and I wore it to the office for two days so that everyone would know. It was foolish and funny, and when fellows who had been making obligatory passes the week before bawled out "Hey, grandma," I loved it.

It is five years later now, and as our three children have continued to bless us with little people, some of the glamour has worn thin. Let me tell you, being a grandmother is not all laughs. Sometimes it is downright harrowing.

Since we are a close-knit family, everyone is excited about everyone else's baby, and there is a constant exchange of advice and equipment. One traumatic grandmotherly experience came when I was pressed into service as an unwilling carrier for some of that equipment.

I had been visiting our son in the midwest, and it was time to plan my return flight. The day before I was to leave, we visited a friend who had just purchased a new (for her) home. It was a delightful old structure, boasting all the most modern conveniences, but clinging strictly to its original character. The front garden had been planned by the owner-builder eighty-seven years ago, and when I paused to exclaim over the lush beauty there, I set in motion a dreadful chain of events. My hostess was pleased with my enthusiasm, and insisted that I would enjoy even more the vegetable garden in the back yard. I'm not all that big on vegetables, but I exclaimed appropriately over the carrots and radishes. My comments on the cauliflower were not so much approval as amazement. Rows and rows of it, giant-size! Whatever it was that I said, my friend interpreted as enthusiasm for cauliflower, and immediately began searching out a head to offer me as a going-away present. The first one she picked was not quite ripe enough, and she regretted having cut it as soon as she saw a more mature one. This she also plucked, and then she saw a larger one, which as a cauliflower lover, I must surely have. Before I could restrain her, she had picked five huge heads, they were stuffed into two big brown shopping bags, and these in turn were thrust into my unwilling arms.

Back at my son's house, my daughter-in-law and I looked at each other in distress. What could we do with five giant heads of cauliflower? We were completely cowed. Only one thing I knew for sure; we couldn't waste it. I grew up in less affluent

times, and I still have a reverence for food, any food. We do not waste it!

Since I was leaving the next day, my son kept insisting I take it home with me. Reasonably enough, he pointed out that it had been given to me. Besides that sneaky kid doesn't like cauliflower. I was adamant, however, I could not possibly fit it into my suitcases, and I had no intention of buying new luggage to haul cauliflower to California.

So the matter rested until the next morning when I was actually packing. My son came into my room with a Toddler Toidy, and informed me that no one in his household presently needed it, and I should therefore bring it home to grandchild number three. A toddler Toidy is all pearlized plastic, with a trap door, and an easily portable bowl that can be kept sterile--the works, just like the real thing, only smaller. Unfortunately, not smaller enough! Once more I was faced with an item that would not fit into my luggage, but in view of my encompassing maternal love, this was clearly an object that had to be brought home. While we were rigging up a horrendous, cumbersome, and unserviceable paper package for the precious potty my daughter-in-law marched in with a head of cauliflower that met the exact circumference of the bowl, and I was committed!

It was the week of the government-imposed mandatory search of hand luggage. If I had had the slightest notion that my package was going to be suspect, I would have refused to bring it even if grandchild number three didn't achieve potty training til his basketball coach sent him to the showers. I just didn't dream I would be a target for nervous guards looking for skyjackers.

Passengers at O'Hare that day were confronted by a pair of burly security men, conspicuous in uncoated white shirts with heavy revolvers on their thighs, and twitchy hands that dangled frighteningly near the holsters. They were so obviously "heavies" that I considered them more ludicrous than threatening. Nevertheless, I scanned the boarding passengers trying to pick out the skyjacker profile experts had written about. It appeared to me that all my fellow travelers were fairly normal, and I anticipated being assigned a dullard for a seat partner, and I wondered how many people were hoping they wouldn't get me!

Then it was my turn to pass the metal detectors and the visual inspection of the guards. My purse

was swinging wildly from my shoulder while I clung awkwardly to my Toddler Toidy, pushing it from side to side as I moved resolutely forward.

You know the rest, of course. How they closed in on me, demanding to know the contents of the crazy-shaped package in its wrinkled and rattling brown paper. You can guess that the cauliflower didn't fit as snugly as we had expected, and since I couldn't handle the package without constantly shifting and clutching at it, the lid and the seal chattered lightly against each other without let up. To newly-hired guards determined to put an end to air piracy, it was suspicious enough! When I explained the contents as a head of cauliflower in a Toddler Toidy, they regarded me with real horror. I think they could have handled a skyjacker with a bomb more comfortably. They had envisioned themselves on the eleven o'clock news, heroes who had out-manuevered a maniacal desperado. It was something of a come-down to be dealing with a nut with a potty chair.

I was hustled into a side room while they sent for a matron to search me. The offending package was gingerly turned over to another guard, presumably a demolition expert. Gradually the aura of pure panic dissipated.

When it was all over, I made the flight home in a petulant mood. Luckily more than a week elapsed before I had to face a grandchild, and by that time my resilient sprightliness had pretty well resurfaced. I do, however, want to make one thing perfectly clear. I shall never eat cauliflower again!

Ruth Wilson
Costa Mesa, California

The number of restless and bad men, that are on the streets of Salt Lake City at night, render it necessary that ladies should be careful how they travel the streets after dark, unless accompanied by a male protector. Time was it was not so, but changes have occurred.

Women's Exponent
15 February 1873

Cottage Industry

Nursery School In Home

It started out small--just one morning a week, a basement, and a few neighborhood pre-schoolers. But before long Sally Berger and Julie Romney, sisters, discovered that their little nursery was in demand. "Actually," explained Julie, "the motivation wasn't money as much as the excitement of being involved in an outside project while remaining at home." Both Sally and Julie graduated from the University of Utah in Elementary Education

and had taught only briefly before their children began to arrive. The "neighborhood nursery" idea seemed to fill many needs: They could use their educations, make extra money, and have their children involved in the activities.

The second year, however, neighborhood mothers were clamoring at their doors, and they found themselves teaching two mornings a week with different children on each day. Sally gave up the project after the third year when she moved to California, but she sold her house, nursery included, to Julie's close friend Leslie Oswald who agreed to take over her half of the nursery partnership.

When I visited Leslie and Julie two years ago, they were busy in Leslie's basement, painting tiny chairs, tables and other juvenile furniture to improve on their already-nice equipment. Little did they know that within another year they would move from a basement operation to their own custom-built facility and be running a full-time pre-school!!! At that point, in order to remain at home with their own growing families, teachers were hired to do the actual teaching. Leslie and Julie continued to do most of the administration from their homes between diapers and peanut butter sandwiches. Small Wonders Pre-School at 3422 East 70th South in Salt Lake City now has 160 children enrolled, and employs a staff of eight teachers and a full-time manager who lives at the school in a built-in apartment. Children between the ages of three and five attend either half or full day sessions two or three days each week.

In December, Julie Romney became the sole owner of Small Wonders Pre-School. She supervises scheduling and employment and plans the total curriculum. Relying upon her past experience as a teacher, current research, and field observations, Julie, still at home, writes all outlines used in the classrooms. She has only recently been released from her ward Primary Presidency and she still sings often with an excellent women's quartet. Her three children (soon to be four), ages 7, 5, and 3, have attended their mother's nursery school and have benefitted immensely. Julie plans to continue with the development of the pre-school as long as she finds it rewarding.

C.D.C.



There are considerable
Consolations enjoy'd by
those whom their
MOTHER
Comforteth. 'Tis a
Consolation to have a
Mother Living. He is
a barbarous Wretch,
and worthy to have his
Eyes pulled out in the
Valley of Carcases, who
does not count it so.
Tho' it should be a
Decayed Mother; a
Decrepit Mother; one
under all the Inconveniences
of a Superannuation, and
one that must be entirely
supported by her Children;
yet the Presence of
their Mother with them, is
grateful to them if there
be not a Barbarity of
Ingratitude in the
Children.
Cotton Mather,
Maternal Consolations

The Frugal Housewife

Vegetable :

Ratatouille

Ratatouille (rah-tat-too-ee) is the French noun "stew"; a hearty version is presented here that is easily expandable, and its all-vegetable composition makes it economical as well. It is especially tasty served with thick slices of onion bread, warm from the oven.

Add garlic [to ratatouille] according to convenience and social engagements," says Craig Clai-

OUILLE (10 servings)

Medium-sized eggplant
1/2 tsp. salt
2 Tbsp. olive oil
Large onions, sliced thinly and separated into rings
2 Tbsp. minced garlic, minced or put through garlic press
2 Tbsp. green peppers, cut into strips
1/2 cup medium-sized zucchini squash, cut into bite-sized pieces
1/2 cup medium-sized ripe tomatoes, cut into wedges
1/2 tsp. freshly ground pepper
1/2 tsp. thyme
1/2 tsp. bay leaf
1/2 cup, finely chopped fresh parsley
1/2 cup 1/2 Tbsp. dried parsley can be substituted, but the taste of fresh parsley is superior (and worth the extra effort)
1/2 cup tomato paste
1/2 tsp. oregano

Cut eggplant into 3/4" thick slices and then dice into small cubes. Spread out on a jelly roll pan and sprinkle with the 2 Tbsp. salt. Allow the eggplant to stand for 30 minutes; then rinse well and dry with paper towels. Heat oil in large skillet and sauté the onion and garlic for two minutes. Add green peppers and cook for two minutes more. Add eggplant; cook three minutes, stirring constantly. Add zucchini and stir for three more minutes. Add tomatoes, thyme, bay leaf, parsley, tomato paste and oregano. Salt and pepper the mixture to taste. Cover and cook for forty minutes, or until all vegetables are tender, but not mushy. Remove bay leaf.

Note: Leftovers may be combined with additional vegetables and/or meat and served over noodles or spaghetti.

P.E.B.



Onion Bread

2 envelopes dry yeast
1/2 C. warm water
1/2 cup Lipton's Onion Soup mix
1/2 C. boiling water
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 C. sugar
2 C. flour

Dissolve yeast in 1/2 C. warm water; set aside. Add boiling water in large mixing bowl; add shortening, sugar and then add soup mix, stirring to solve thoroughly. When soup mixture is lukewarm, add the yeast mixture. Stir in flour and mix well. Knead dough until smooth and elastic. Put to rise until double in bulk. Punch down, shape into loaves and rise until double again. Bake 25-30 minutes in a 350° F. oven. Brush loaves with melted butter after removing from oven. Note: Packaged soup mixes (as well as bouillon cubes) contain excessive amounts of salt, so none necessary in this recipe.

P.E.B.

Would you help your child and yourself at the same time? The next baking day, when your child begs to help, let him help. The usual excuse that the child receives is that the mother is too busy and can't be bothered. I thought I would give my children the chance to really cook, and what is the result? On baking day I can turn part, or the whole of my baking over to my fourteen-year-old son and my eleven-year-old daughter. They cook equally well and take pride in what they do. I do not ask them to do too much, just enough so they are always desirous of doing more.

Good Housekeeping's Book of Menus, Recipes, and Household Discoveries. New York, 1922

Use it up,
Wear it out,
Make it do---
Or do without!
--old Yankee proverb

Beef Jerky

Jerky, or dried meat, makes a delicious addition to lunch boxes. It is always a hit as party food, and a fine item to send to missionaries and those away at school. I don't know a more popular snack food for the family.

To prepare meat:

Use lean meat. (I prefer a rump roast.) Trim off any fat. Place in the freezer until firm enough to slice easily, but not hard. Slices should be no more than 1/8 inch thick.

Marinate all day--10 to 12 hours--in refrigerator in a jar large enough to avoid crowding. Lay the jar on its side, and turn it each time the refrigerator is opened.

Before bed time, drain meat in a colander, then place slices singly on a cookie sheet. (I put parchment paper under the meat to make the clean-up easier. Parchment paper, if you cannot find it elsewhere, is available at dairy supplies establishments. Ask for paper milk can gaskets.) Bake 30 minutes at 125°. Turn each slice over. Bake all night at the same temperature. Put in container with tight lid when thoroughly dry and cool (if it lasts that long).

Marinade (per 1 1/2 lb. meat):

1 tsp. liquid smoke	1/4 tsp. pepper
1 1/2 tsp. garlic powder	1/4 cup soy sauce
1 tsp. onion powder	1/4 cup worcestershire sauce

Try it, you'll like it!

Ina J. Hobson
El Cajon, California

Camomile Tea

Camomile tea somehow sounds good to me though I don't know its properties and I'm not sick in the usual sense. The word I recall from a soft tale read to me when I was little A rabbit child taken in from the world lay sick in bed was mothered and fed ..Camomile tea sounds good to me.

Elizabeth Chipman
Salt Lake City, Utah



Fathers At Sacrament Meeting

Priesthood officers are urged to give foremost attention to their families. They should sit with their families whenever possible in sacrament meetings and other Church meetings that families attend together, especially where small children are involved. For example, a high councilor or quorum president attending sacrament meeting without an official assignment may sit in the congregation with his family.

The Priesthood Bulletin
Vol. 10, No. 3 The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 1974



George Edward Anderson Collection
Brigham Young University Library

The Sisters Speak



Is Church activity compatible with having close friends?

Kris Davis of Yankton, South Dakota, a musician and mother of two, now teaches music part-time. She has taught school and worked for the Republican National Committee in Washington, D.C. She writes: I'm hardly the person to attempt an answer since I've never felt the desire or need for close friends.

I think, though, that too many of us tend to blame on the Church things that are simply of our own making. I could easily say that because I live in the mission field, have numerous Church responsibilities, am responsible for visiting with my husband some eight to ten inactive members each month, have different beliefs than most of my associates, and finally am heavily involved in musical activities both teaching and performing, that I have no time for close friends; and even if I had the time there are no people with life styles and beliefs compatible with mine. Not so!! True, the Church responsibilities take a lot of time; so I've learned to be efficient. If, on the other hand, I'm looking for a friend whose life is a mirror of my own then I live a dull existence.

I've had people make slight attempts at closer friendships and always find myself backing off because of the fear that such a relationship would entail a certain loss of freedom. I don't want to have to make explanations to anyone for my actions. I do want to feel free to do what I like with whom I like. As to having someone to confide in: I've never wanted that. A certain distrust in the ability of my own sex to keep confidences, I guess.

Again, if I don't have close friends, the fault is mine not the Church's.

Nelda Bishop describes herself as a retired English teacher, wife, frustrated mother of five young children, and future professional college student and/or congresswoman. She is from Lake Oswego, Oregon and writes that CHURCH ACTIVITY IS NOT COMPATIBLE WITH HAVING CLOSE FRIENDS for at least three reasons:

1. Mormons have an anti-"wasting time" ethic that makes us feel guilty about just visiting. We feel that we really should be busy baking bread, preparing a Church lesson, taking dinner to a sick neighbor, or reading the scriptures. We can't waste our time just talking to someone who's happy and well and doesn't need fellowshiping.

Non-Mormon neighbors drop in for a cup of coffee, but Mormons can't come up with such a casual excuse to be friendly.

I know a general board member who happened to meet her daughter and grandson out walking. After talking only a few minutes, the grandmother said, without thinking, "Well, I guess I'd better quit wasting my time." And that's the Mormon ethic. Keep busy!

2. Mormon mothers of a "quiver full" of young children can't be close friends because, even if we ever could get the dishes done and the last diaper changed, we can't just drop in on someone--with five kids. We can't even visit after Church or Relief Society for a few minutes and still keep an eye on our pre-schoolers. Daytime babysitters are expensive and hard to find, and by the time the baby is delivered to the sitter, Johnny will be home from kindergarten in 45 minutes.

3. We expect Mormon women to be content to stay home performing duties that are 80% meaningless and putting their own enrichment last. So often, Mormon gatherings end up with the women together discussing morning sickness, recipes, and other trivia. If Mormon women are interested in philosophy, politics, the latest best seller, or any liberal idea, they have learned not to mention it.

Iris W. Schow, a recently retired school teacher from Brigham City, Utah, writes, I don't think it's Church activity that is incompatible with having close friends, so much as that the whole pattern of life today is incompatible with close friendships. During forty-five consecutive years as a school teacher I have had very congenial, cooperative on the job relationships with other teachers. But the minute one of them left the school, her involvement with her new situation and my involvement with all my tie-ups put an end to close friendship, though the old regard and good wishes remain. Sociology tells us that no relationship between two people stands still, it is always either increasing or diminishing.

Working in the Meetinghouse Library as Sunday School Librarian I find my respect and liking for the two ladies I am with part of every Sunday is growing, but except for Sunday, there is no relationship among us, as our trails never cross. As

Second Vice Capt. in DUP I am drawing closer to the other officers and seeing many charms and virtues in them, that I had not observed though I have known them all since the 1930's. Attending Relief Society regularly for the first time in my life, I feel closer to all of the women in the ward and more as if I "belong" than I ever have in all the years since coming here in 1935.

I believe this is as it should be. We are all so busy with whatever we are trying to accomplish for immediate family, all relatives, jobs, church, clubs, community and sometimes even a little self-expression through writing (my hang-up), music, painting, or crafts, that we just can't be pals with anyone as we were as school girls. But the old regard remains. I think family is the only constant in one's life, and even there the relationships are ever changing.

Karen Sorenson Smith of San Diego, California is a twenty-eight year old first year law student, mother of one, and wife of a student. She says she is vitally concerned with the role of women as defined by the Gospel, and she is also concerned with the quality of relationships from the standpoint of involvement and analysis. She writes: One of the reasons I feel it is difficult to establish good friendships within the Church is that it seems Church members are more reluctant to disclose themselves as they really are. Perhaps this is due to a fear of admitting to others (and therefore themselves) areas wherein they do not concur with or live up to the many criteria and expectations set forth by the Church. Despite our doctrinal challenges to be individualistic and our dare-to-be-different banner outside of the Church, within the Church there exists a very real pressure to conform to the "good Mormon" stereotype. Although in this life all of us are supposed to be on the road to working out our problems/imperfections, it is interesting how easy it is to feel compelled to act as if we were already there.

Cheryl Lynn May of Salt Lake City, Utah, wrote a full scale answer to the question that is so good I'm including it whole even though it exceeds the one page limit. Cheryl has been a professor of government and is presently working on her dissertation.

Does the Church inhibit the development of close friendships? Many close ties exist among Church members, but can these ties be described as "friendships?" If not, why not? What is it, if not friendship, that so effectively binds Church members to one another? In this short space, I wish to suggest a few factors which may prove to be relevant to a full-scale examination.

The first factor relates to what a social scientist might call "functional imperatives of 'movement' organizations." Today's Church, in its unabated proselytizing zeal, in the total selfless devotion it demands from its members, and in its utopian vision of a new and perfected Christian kingdom to come, is similar to a number of mass ideological crusades which have sprung up in the last two centuries. Current examples include the "social revolutions" now taking place in China and Cuba, and among the Christians, the new "Evangelical Movement" within the Catholic Church. It might be suggested that the development of close, intimate friendships is not particularly functional for "movement" organizations. A cardinal principle of all such groups is that adherents be willing to sacrifice personal gratifications to promote the goals of the organization. Intimate, enduring friendships might be considered one of these personal "luxuries." Such friendships take time to develop and nurture, time which might better be devoted to projects promoting the cause. It might be suggested that an association of "Comrades" (as the word is used among Communist Party members) would be more valuable to a movement organization than an association of friends. A comrade is a trusted associate who can be counted upon for aid and support. But he does not make the demands for time and concern that one expects of a friend. Nor does he threaten the primacy of the movement by providing an alternate source of comfort or satisfaction to the individual.

Leaders of the Church, like those of many other movements, warn their members against the tendency to root themselves emotionally to one particular place. Members must be willing to move into new wards, new missions, and new callings throughout their lives if the expanding operations of the Church are to go forward. Close friendships often make one reluctant to accept new ward boundaries, mission calls to far away places, and other such disruptions of one's present circle of friends.

The time required to develop and nurture intimate friendships was mentioned in the previous section. Active Mormons are unquestionably given the opportunity to spend a good deal of time with one another. A typical member might expect to run into many of the same people four or five times a week in the course of Church activities. In addition to Sunday meetings, ward members associate with one another at weekly auxiliary and preparation meetings, while participating in welfare and building projects, and at the many parties, dinners, showers, etc. sponsored by the ward itself and by individual members. It appears to be the case however, that these contacts are not in themselves sufficient to produce close and intimate relationships. Close friends have usually developed the kind of relaxed and trusting relationship that allows them to abandon the more formalized roles and behavior patterns that the world expects of them. Mormons, in both their formal meetings and less formal parties, seem compelled to structure their time and activities to a very high degree. Several months ago, as I painfully pushed a threadpool down a clothesline with my nose during the fourth "game" of a Mormon baby shower, I was reminded that most Mormons seem suspicious of gatherings where people simply get to know one another better. Even socials are expected

to be "supervised activities," highlighted by game and programs. It could be that this penchant for structuring formal and informal activities inhibits many from the mutual self revelation and discovery that lead to true intimacy.

While these factors may restrict the development of close friendships within the Church; other factors encourage such relationships. The Church, in its basic doctrines and activities, embodies the principles of mutual love and concern at the foundation of healthy friendships. Most Mormon families give children the security and respect which allow them to develop permanent, rewarding relationships when they mature. But it is my observation that the majority of close friendships among Church members are spawned not through the "normal channels" of regular Church meetings and socials, but through other types of shared experiences. Close bonds often develop between college roommates or missionary companions, or from sharing the joys and problems of raising small children. The Mormon women's groups now active in Boston, Salt Lake, and Provo are one response to the need some Church members feel for more spontaneous, relaxed, and supportive relationships with their sisters and brothers in the gospel.

In conclusion, I might venture the personal opinion that while close, intimate friendships are one of the great treasures of life, they are not the only value worth pursuing. A devotion to the work of the Lord might at times involve a degree of loneliness. Jesus warned the faithful on many occasions that they would be required to leave their families, friends, and earthly possessions when necessary for building the kingdom. I see no indication that this warning has been rescinded in the present dispensation. Active devotion to the Lord's "movement" may require the sacrifice of close friendships.

In the June issue The Sisters Speak will consider work. A great many Church members who are mothers of small children work outside their homes. How do you feel about this explosive issue? What opinion, experiences, problems, and solutions can you share with us? Be sure to limit your letters to one page and send them by March 15 to The Sisters Speak.

J.R.D.



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Sports

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS

Since the body is not only the "temple of the soul," but also its servant and friend, the means by which it is able to make impressions on tangible things, it has claims to care and culture, education and development, only secondary to those of the soul itself. If it be true that a cramped body can only give imperfect impressions to the desires and capabilities of the soul, how manifestly important that no pains should be spared to unfold every latent power, and train to the utmost extent every useful action, every bone, muscle, organ and nerve which the body contains!

This article is written especially in the interest of girls, for custom has long demanded for girls vigorous and healthy exercise, which is the legitimate means of giving harmonious vigor to the body. But custom has also forbidden for girls such exercise, because forsooth, it is ungentle to wrestle, run and row; and scarcely dare the slaves of sex and fashion indulge in equestrian exercise; certainly not without various trappings and restrictions which fetter free movement. It is time that more common-sense views were entertained on this subject, especially by the people of Utah, whose aim is the renewal of the primeval strength and longevity of the human race. There can be no valid reason why we may not break through the trammels of foolish and groundless customs, such, for instance, as the deep prejudice against whistling. If it is proper for a boy to whistle, why be shocked so deeply when under similar circumstances a girl indulges in the harmless pastime! Not that to be debarred from whistling would be a great privation, but little things exemplify great ones; as the Bostonians argued respecting three cents a pound on tea.

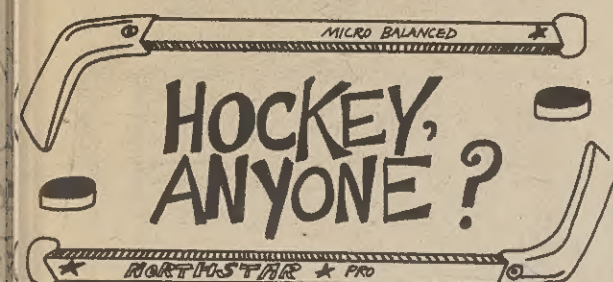
It is not enough that one sex be trained to bodily strength and symmetry; that is doing the work in halves. Let the girls also have due attention on this point. And do not let all their exercises be drudgery, either. Washing, sweeping and mending are all very well in their place; but if all work and no play make Jack a dull boy, I contend that it will also make Jill a dull girl. We should learn to skate, to swim, to play ball, and--yes, to shoot! Self protection demands this last in these wild, western countries, and to my mind it would be far more pleasing to see our girl going out on shooting excursions with her brothers and sturdily bearing home at night the game she has captured, than laced up in corsets, with smelling bottle at nose, giving little plaintive screams if she should spy a mouse, or a frog, or any of God's



harmless creatures which should awaken admiration for His boundless wisdom, instead of fear or even disgust. It is high time that such nervous timidity, not to say such affectation, should pass into disfavor. And the very best way to accomplish this desirable end, would be to give the girl such confidence in her physical prowess that she would feel herself equal to any small contingencies.

It would be a pleasant sight to see commodious play-grounds attached to every schoolroom in the land; where both boys and girls should be encouraged to engage in active games suitable to their age and strength. And more; well ordered and well conducted calistheniums should be established where girls might hoard strength of nerve and spine, which shall enable them to defy the many ailments which to-day afflict their mothers and almost make their lives a burden. Like all good things, exercise must be used with due moderation; but so long as it does not pass that boundary, it is the great tonic which will give lithe limbs, bright eyes, and straight spines to the next generation. No better physicians can be found than pure air, regular habits, cheerfulness and--judicious exercise. Give these to the girls as well as the boys, and see how soon feeble, incapable, wornlooking mothers will be replaced by rosy, smiling matrons, whose well-ordered households and beautiful, sweet-tempered children, bear witness to their great capabilities.

Lu Dalton
Woman's Exponent 31 Jan 1873



Yes! Complimentary copies are still available for your friends. Send ten names with addresses and zip codes to the Expo box.

We regret that the columns of Estaleah Harmsen Baker's article "He That is Righteous is Favored of God" in the last issue were reversed.

Friends

Encouragement is offered to the Exponent in many instances from friends whose judgement and candor as well as their open heartedness we esteem very highly, and we are happy in acknowledging our obligations and in tendering our thanks for the same.

Women's Exponent
15 February 1873

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Women & Athletics

There are myths and realities regarding equality for women in competitive athletics. Women can't play football because they'll damage their reproductive organs--they'll develop bulging muscles--there's no protective equipment for women's breasts, not to mention menstrual irregularity and the fact that female bones break easier.

In reality, the female uterus is the most shock resistant of all human internal organs, and certainly more so than male external genitalia. Bulging muscles depend on the amount of male hormones a person has, while breast protectors could be designed for women, if necessary, just as easily as protective equipment has been for men. Olympic women athletes have won athletic competitions at all stages of their menstrual cycles, and as far as bone structure, women have smaller bones, but not more fragile ones.

What makes female athletic injuries significantly different when lacerations, sprains, and broken bones are treated the same for all people?

Physical education departments are the only sex identified body of knowledge in the school curriculum. We don't have boy's math and girl's math--or women's physics and men's physics. The real inequalities are seen in facilities, equipment, personnel, kinds of programs, and officiating services.

I wonder if women will ever officiate men's games and did you know that women's games were easier to officiate because they have more accommodating and less skillful players?

Lee Corso, a football coach at Indiana University hired a female assistant coach and made the statement that it was not for the purpose of helping with the coaching process, but to tutor the players who were weak in academic areas!

An interesting pattern exists for men in sports. They compete in games that require strength and endurance--and touching. (Other than "Give me five.") Those reserved to a great extent for females are figure skating, dance, diving and gymnastics.

At all levels of education women are welcomed into sporting circles to support the male endeavor. They are cheerleaders, baton twirlers, or part of the drill team.

Athletics reflect cultural norms. The myths and stereotypes perpetuate what is "right" for men and what is "right" for women. American sports emphasize and reward traits in which men tend to excel.

Myths are slow to die. Attitudes towards women in sports need to incorporate the idea that all men are not superior to all women in all athletic skills.

Sue Stevenson
Ogden Utah

Some Suggestions For Our Contributors

1. Though we publish longer articles, we prefer the two to four page length.
2. Don't quote too much. We want your words.
3. If you want your manuscript returned, be sure to say so. A stamped, self-addressed envelope would help.
4. After writing, rewriting and writing again, type fresh double-spaced pages, one side only, with generous margins all around. Two copies would be appreciated.
5. Identify every page with your name and a short title. Put name, address, title and approximate number of words on the first page.
6. Contributions of art work--graphics, photographs, etc.--are encouraged. Be sure they are well identified.
7. Despite the above, pencilled philosophies written at 2 a.m. on the back of old grocery lists will not be ignored.

The Management

EXPONENT II
Vol. I, No. 4, March 1975

Published quarterly by Mormon Sisters, Inc., a non-profit corporation.

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